





Ex Libris
JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

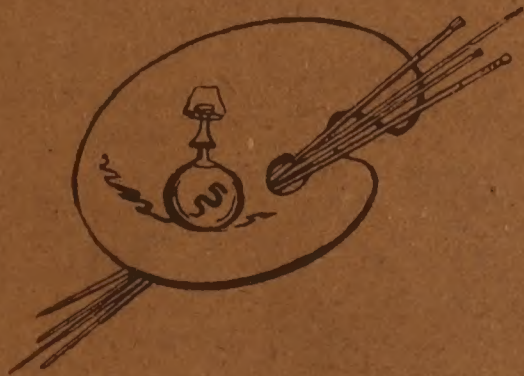
Leech paper by F. S. Kittar 1883. an article on
Leech from Scribner's monthly, with woodcuts.
inlaid to imp. 8vo extra 20 Portrait, 80 plates
(31 coloured) specimens of Dumbury, Gillray,
and Rowlandson, but mostly of Leech.
red morocco extra gilt top, by Riviere & Co

JOHN LEECH.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY

FRED. G. KITTON.



LONDON:

GEORGE REDWAY,

12, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.



JOHN LEECH,
ARTIST AND HUMOURIST.

John Leech.

OBIIT OCTOBER XXIX., MDCCCLXIV.

ÆTAT. 46.

THE simplest words are best where all words are vain. Ten days ago, a great artist, in the noon of life, and with his glorious mental faculties in full power, but with the shade of physical infirmity darkening upon him, took his accustomed place among friends who have this day held his pall. Some of them had been fellow-workers with him for a quarter of a century, others for fewer years; but to know him well was to love him dearly, and all in whose name these lines are written mourn as for a brother. His monument is in the volumes of which this is one sad leaf, and in a hundred works which, at this hour, few will not remember more easily than those who have just left his grave. While Society, whose every phase he has illustrated with a truth, a grace, and a tenderness heretofore unknown to satiric art, gladly and proudly takes charge of his fame, they, whose pride in the genius of a great associate was equalled by their affection for an attached friend, would leave on record that they have known no kindlier, more refined, or more generous nature than that of him who has been thus early called to his rest.

NOVEMBER THE FOURTH.



Yours Faithfully
John Leech.

JOHN LEECH,

ARTIST AND HUMOURIST:

A Biographical Sketch.

BY

FRED. G. KITTON,

AUTHOR OF "PHIZ" (HABLOTT K. BROWNE), A MEMOIR.

LONDON:

GEORGE REDWAY,

12, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

MDCCCLXXXIII.

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2 "A Merry Christmas, Bob!" (from Dickens's <i>Christmas Carol</i>)	Facing page 12
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NOTE.

The original sketches by Leech included in this list are selected from the collection now being exhibited in the Museum, South Kensington. They are reproduced by a photographic process, and printed in grey, so that they might be made to resemble, as closely as possible, the pencil medium in which the original designs were executed. By comparing the sixth illustration in the above list with that immediately succeeding it, the reader will be enabled to understand and appreciate the method by which the artist first conceived the design, and afterwards elaborated it into the finished picture.

For the portrait the author is indebted to Mr. T. Walter Wilson, who, with his well-known skill, has drawn for this *brochure* an admirable likeness of the Artist. To Mr. John Newton, of Liverpool, his thanks are also due for a photograph, here reproduced, of Leech's caricature design of the Mulready envelope—now very scarce.

The last plate in this book, drawn and engraved by the author expressly for the work, represents the graves of Leech and Thackeray. They are separated but by one tomb (that of the Cheel family), and are identical in character, the only distinguishing feature being the thick, clustering ivy that has entwined itself about the ironwork that surrounds the grave of Thackeray.

The illustrations from Charles Dickens's Christmas books are printed from electrotypes of the original blocks.

P R E F A C E.

THE late Dr. JOHN BROWN, at the commencement of his admirable paper on JOHN LEECH, discourses humorously on the physiology and philosophy of laughter, and on the various ways in which it seizes upon and deals with mankind: how it excruciates some, causing them to look and yell as if caught in a trap; how others, whom laughter grips and rends, are made desperate, and commit havoc with the furniture. He then treats of the uses of laughter as a muscular exercise; of its drawing into action lazy muscles, supernumeraries, which get off easily under ordinary circumstances; how much good the convulsive succussion of the whole man does to his chylo-poietic and other viscera; how it laughs to scorn care and *malaise* of all kinds; how it makes you cry without sorrow, and ache every inch of you without wrong done to any one; how it clears the liver and enlivens the spleen, and makes the very cockles of the heart to tingle.

Who has been more successful than JOHN LEECH in producing such results as these, who more worthy of recognition for his genius as artist and humourist? Being fully cognizant of those powers which he possessed, that have provoked us to peals of laughter, and induced in us a fund of merriment, I have endeavoured, in these pages, to gather together the more important facts that went to make up his career as an artist and a man, together with several anecdotes, some of which have never previously been printed. It is somewhat strange that, although nearly twenty years have elapsed since the artist's death, no formal biography of him has ever been written. Excellent essays have appeared from time to time, in magazines and elsewhere, to which I acknowledge my indebtedness for many interesting

incidents contained in this book, but I think I may safely assert that the present humble attempt to do honour to the memory of a wonderfully gifted artist has resulted in the most comprehensive account of his life and works that has yet been published. I venture to hope, however, that the task which I have undertaken may eventually fall into abler hands than mine—that a much more worthy tribute may be paid, and greater justice done to the memory of the brightest and kindest artistic genius of our time.

FRED. G. KITTON.

25, PAULTONS SQUARE,

CHELSEA,

February, 1883.



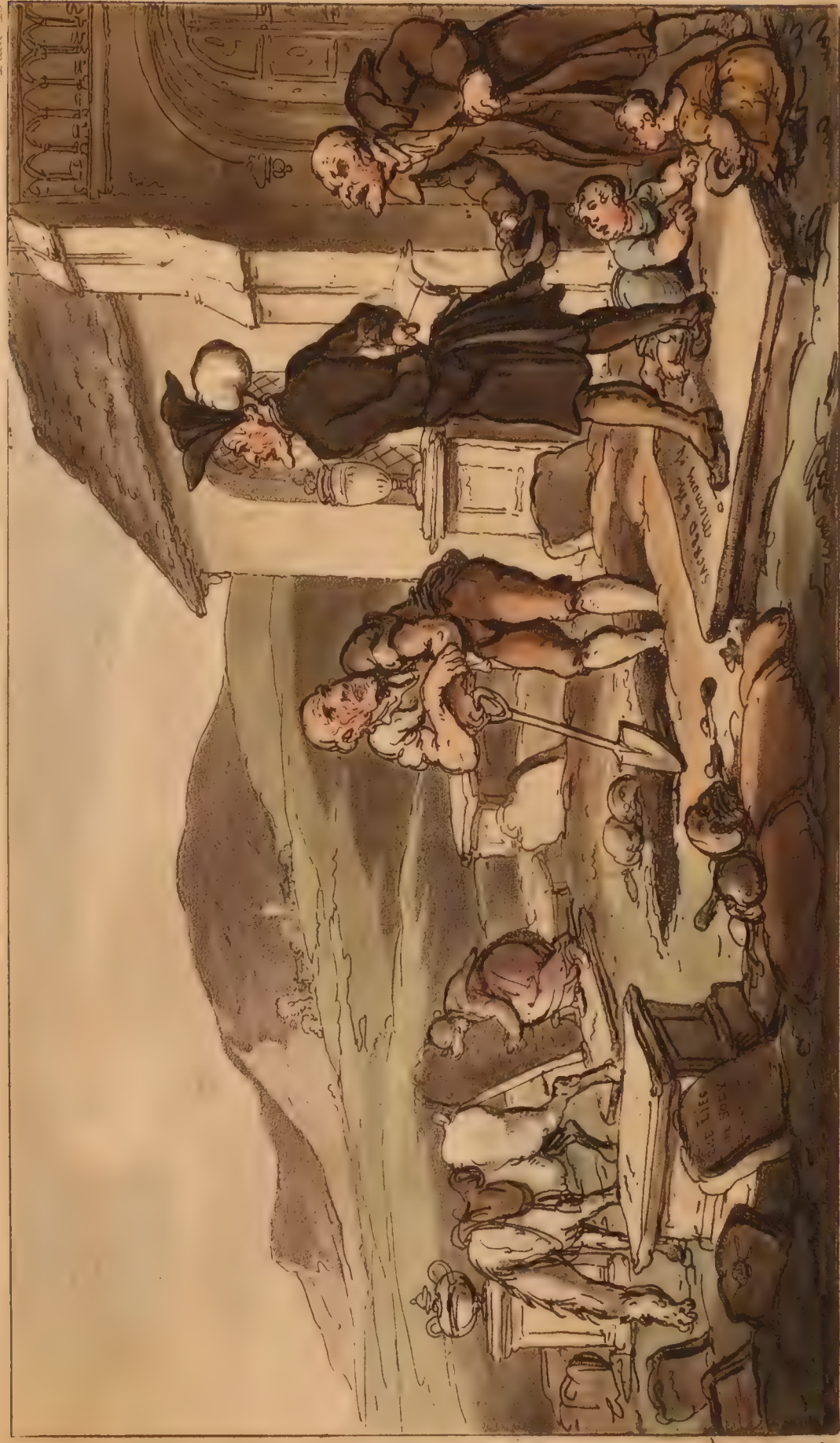
Well Mr Copper Nose
what have you to say
about this —

Copper & Brags

Why I say I would not give my
Copper Nose for your Brags Face

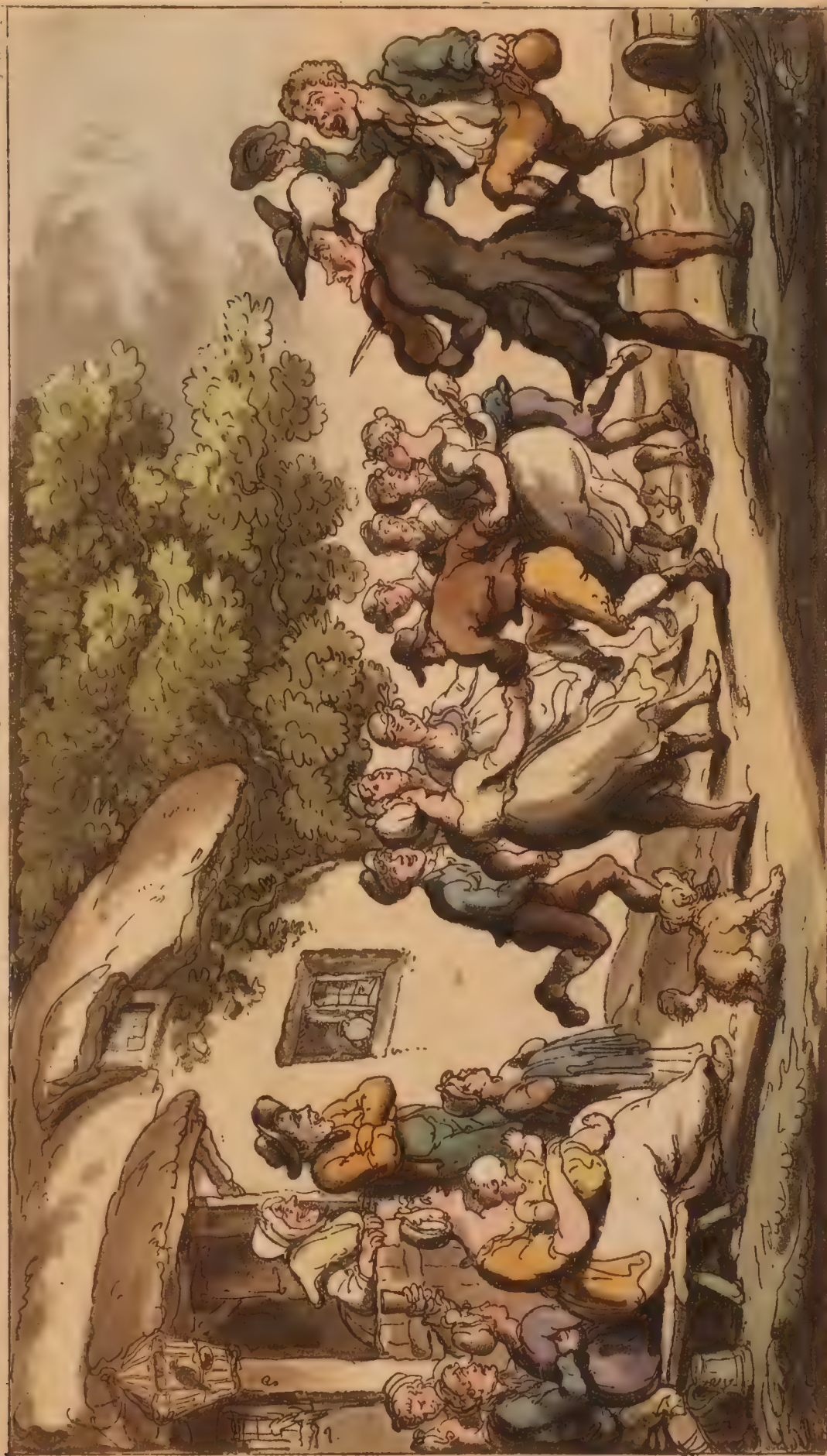
Pub. May 28 1882 by Thompson 28 St James's 13 & 74 New Bond St

W. H. L. L.



DOCTOR SYNTAX,
MEDITATING ON THE TOMB-STONES.

Designed & Engr'd by Rowlandson



DOCTOR SYNTAX, RURAL SPORT.

London, Published May 28th 1842 at R. Ackermann's Repository of Arts in Strand.



SYNTAX PREACHING.





H. BUNBURY DEL.

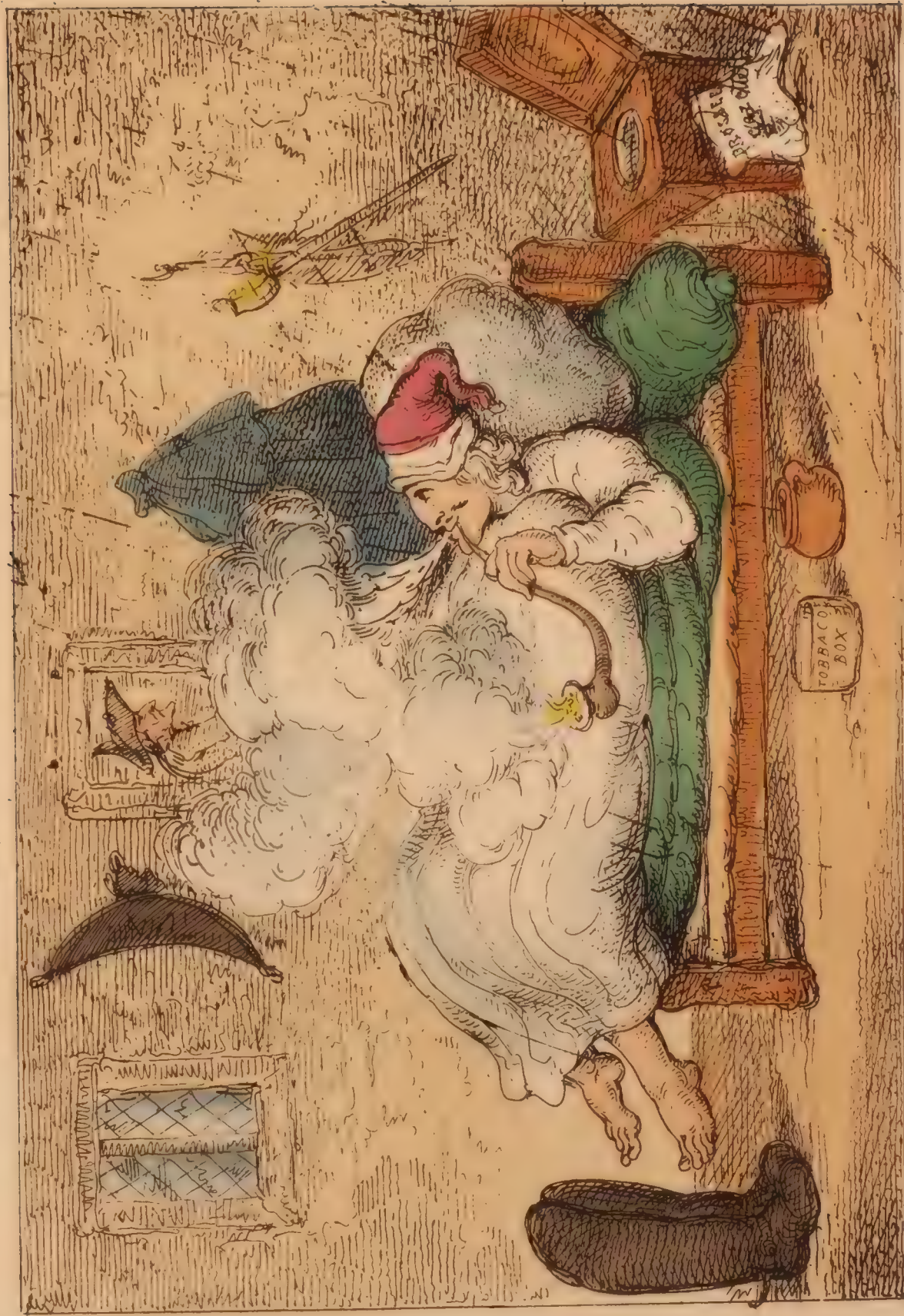
SUNDAY EVENING.



H. BUNBURY del.

BILLIARDS.





GERMAN LUXURY.
or Repas a L'Allemande.

J. G. G. Del.



Nov 14th 193 /y H. Humphreys N^o 27 St James Street London

— " OH! LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF LOVE . "



THE ROAD TO MAIDENHEAD



JOHN LEECH.

THAT pain and sorrow are far in excess of the joys and pleasures in this world of ours is a saying no more trite than true; and strenuously to endeavour to alleviate the one, and thereby increase the other, should be the self-imposed duty of every right-minded individual. They who succeed in its accomplishment are the most welcome of the benefactors of our species. This true philanthropy may exhibit itself in many forms; but the most popular, perhaps, is that which it is made to assume by an artist whose comic creations provoke honest laughter, and a kindlier feeling towards the objects of our mirth.

The old school of caricaturists, in which the names of GILRAY, ROWLANDSON, WOODWARD, and BUNBURY are most prominent, was noted chiefly for the broad, and, in many cases, vulgar and obscene treatment of the subjects, chiefly political, which were held up to ridicule. CHARLES DICKENS has thus expressed himself with regard to this:—"If we turn back to a collection of the works of ROWLANDSON or GILRAY we shall find, in spite of the great humour displayed in many of them, that they are rendered wearisome and unpleasant by a vast amount of personal ugliness. Now, besides that it is a poor device to represent what is satirised as being necessarily ugly, which is but the resource of an angry child or a jealous woman, it serves no purpose but to produce a disagreeable result." As an example of this kind of satire he gives the following instance:—"There is no reason why the farmer's daughter in the old caricature who is squalling at the harpsichord (to the intense delight, by-the-by, of her worthy father, whom it is her duty to please) should be squab and hideous. The satire on the manner of her education,

if there be any in the thing at all, would be just as good if she were pretty. The average of farmers' daughters in England are not impossible lumps of fat. One is quite as likely to find a pretty girl in a farmhouse as to find an ugly one; and we think that the business of this style of art is with the pretty one. She is not only a pleasanter object, but we have more interest in her. We care more about what becomes of her and does not become of her." The later school of so-called caricaturists, in their mode of treating similar subjects, differed considerably from their predecessors, whose style of art, it must be allowed, was well suited to the age in which they lived. Its leading members were GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, the elder DOYLE (better known as H. B.), and poor SEYMOUR, whose premature decease, it may be remembered, occurred during the publication of the *Pickwick Papers*, which he was then illustrating. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, who lived and worked during two generations, may be considered as a connecting link between the old school of caricaturists and the still later one as represented by "Phiz" (HABLÔT K. BROWNE), RICHARD DOYLE, and JOHN LEECH.

CRUIKSHANK, in his early days, delighted in those broad, and sometimes humorous, productions of GILRAY and ROWLANDSON, and, in fact, was chosen to succeed the former, and to execute a number of political squibs and broadsides which found great favour with political partisans and lovers of caricature. The assistance of his pencil was in great demand, and WILLIAM HONE found his services invaluable, and almost monopolised them. But CRUIKSHANK gradually fell off from this style of art, and, in its stead, produced work of a more serious, not to say artistic, nature, which was the beginning of a new era in the history of caricature. His illustrations to *Fairy Tales*, to the most important novels of AINSWORTH, and innumerable other works, have made for him an everlasting reputation.

HABLÔT K. BROWNE (better known as "Phiz"), a *confrère* of CRUIKSHANK as a book-illustrator, is immortalized in the works of DICKENS, which, with two or three exceptions, he entirely illustrated, as also those of LEVER, and some of AINSWORTH's. RICHARD DOYLE's pencil was frequently employed in illustrating books, of which probably the most familiar is the *Adventures of*



F. A. Walker sculp.

John C. K. K. K.

Copyright 1854



Ch Clark

Brown, Jones, and Robinson. Those large folding plates in the *Cornhill Magazine*, in which are typified the various phases of society, are by his hand; and he frequently contributed designs to the pages of *Punch*; even the well-known design on the cover of that journal bears his signature of R. D., with a little bird perched on the top of the letters.

But the name of JOHN LEECH is more familiar to us in connection with *Punch* than that of any other member of its staff. He may fairly be credited with having placed on a thoroughly firm foundation that periodical, which of late years has exhibited so marked a decadence. Whenever our eyes encountered a design with the well-known signature attached of a bottle containing a wriggling leech, we could not restrain a burst of laughter in anticipation of the treat in store for us. The drawing almost always explained itself, but the printed matter below increased its ludicrous nature. Not that LEECH was always funny, or that he intended to be so, for some of his cartoons gave a text of a most serious import, and preached a sermon that reached every heart.

JOHN LEECH was born in London, on the Surrey side of the Thames, on the 29th August, 1817. His father, JOHN LEECH, was an Irishman, a man of fine culture, a profound Shakspearean scholar, and a thorough gentleman. He was the landlord of the London Coffee House, on Ludgate Hill, the most important at that time of the large City hotels. Unfortunately for him, fortunately for the world, he did not succeed in this vocation, and was obliged to retire from it. Happily for the world, because the son was stimulated to the exercise of the genius which has so enriched that world.

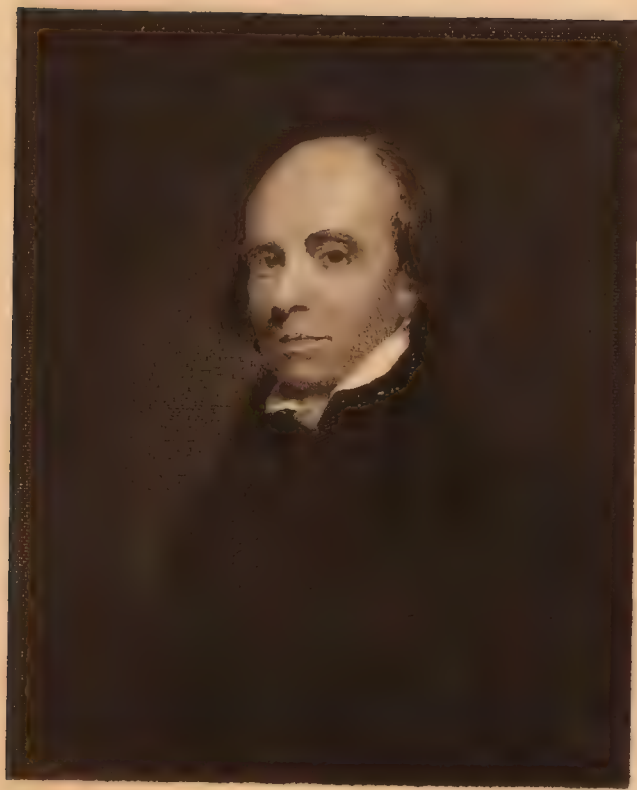
It is recorded that LEECH in his infancy had a sudden and most severe inflammatory attack, and only the skill of Sir CHARLES MANSFIELD CLARK and Dr. JAMES NICHOLLS, humanly speaking, brought him out of it. He used to resist the application of remedies suggested by these great physicians, and on one occasion, when he was to be bled by cupping, he baffled the whole domestic force brought against him, until, hearing of his mother's sorrowful disappointment, he jumped up and bade them *do it*.

JOHN LEECH, the elder, possessed some skill with the pencil, and from him, doubtless, the son inherited his talent. His

mother could claim consanguinity with the great scholar, and master of Trinity College, Cambridge, RICHARD BENTLEY. She noticed with a mother's instinct the extraordinary aptitude for drawing which her boy exhibited, and encouraged it. When he was only three years old he was discovered by FLAXMAN, who had called on his parents, seated on his mother's knee, drawing with much gravity. The sculptor pronounced his sketch to be wonderful, adding, "Do not let him be cramped with lessons in drawing; let his genius follow its own bent; he will astonish the world"—advice which was strictly followed. A few years later some more of the youthful artist's drawings were seen by the celebrated sculptor, who said, after a careful examination of them, "That boy must be an artist; he will be nothing else or less." This was said in full consciousness of what is involved in recommending such a career.

He was only seven when he went to Charterhouse, but "I thought," wrote his father, "that I was not wrong in sending him thus early, as Dr. RUSSELL, the head-master, had a son of the same age in the school, and JOHN was in the same form with him." This early departure from his home was, of course, a sore trial to his fond mother's heart. It had cost her many a pang to part with him; but as she was a lady of good sense, as well as of a gentle spirit, she resolved to abstain from visiting him at his boarding-house. She knew it was right that he should be left to take his chance with the others, and she had sufficient strength of mind not to sacrifice his future welfare to the indulgence of her own affection. See him, however, she would, but in such a way that the child should not see her. She therefore hired a room in one of the houses which commanded a view of the Carthusian playing-ground; and there she would sit behind a blind day after day, happy and content so that she could get a glimpse of her child. Sometimes she would see him strolling about with his arm round the neck of one of his little companions, as the manner of schoolboys is; sometimes he was playing and jumping about with childish glee; but still the mother kept her watch. Years afterwards LEECH showed to his friend, whose words are here quoted, the window at which she sat.

The boy was liked by every one at school for his good temper



My Friend
John Jay

1790

and winning manner. Apparently, he took no part in athletic sports, such as cricket, hockey, &c., because his arm had been previously broken by a fall from his pony, and was for a long time weak in consequence; but he was always fond of sports and manly exercises, and preferred the lessons of ANGELO, the fencing-master, to those of Mr. BURGESS, the drawing-master, despite his early excellence with the pencil. He cared little or nothing about being distanced in the classical race, and was no hand at Latin verses, which he gave up in despair, *and always got done for him*. His stay of nine years at Charterhouse never brought him nearer to the top of the school than the fifth form—the forms being at that time counted downwards, not upwards, as now. He had as a fellow-pupil the famous WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, with whom he formed a friendship that ripened day by day, and never ceased until death parted them. It is said that LEECH once had the intense happiness of hearing that when THACKERAY was asked to name his dearest friend he replied, after a few moments' thought, "JOHN LEECH."

At sixteen years of age LEECH left Charterhouse, in which he always retained a strong interest, frequently attending its festivities; and although there is no doubt that school-life at the time he was a student was rougher than it is now, especially for the younger boys, he never complained of any great hardships undergone during that part of his life. Among the advantages which he gained at the noble old school was a faculty which very well-informed persons are in the habit of stating is not to be invariably acquired in the great places of education—the power of writing excellent English. The point may not have attracted general notice, but the very happily-phrased inscriptions attached to so many of his cuts—inscriptions which fully explain all that the artist desired to say, and which would be spoiled by the addition or disturbance of a word—are among what the world would consider trifles, but which no true artist will regard as such. His numerous letters were also admirably written, full of point and humour, and frequently profusely illustrated.*

Notwithstanding FLAXMAN's advice and suggestion that LEECH should follow the profession of artist, his father put

* See Correspondence, pages 57 and 58.

him, when his school life was completed, to the medical profession at St. Bartholomew's, under Mr. STANLEY, the surgeon of the hospital, who soon discovered great excellence in the anatomical drawings executed by his young pupil.

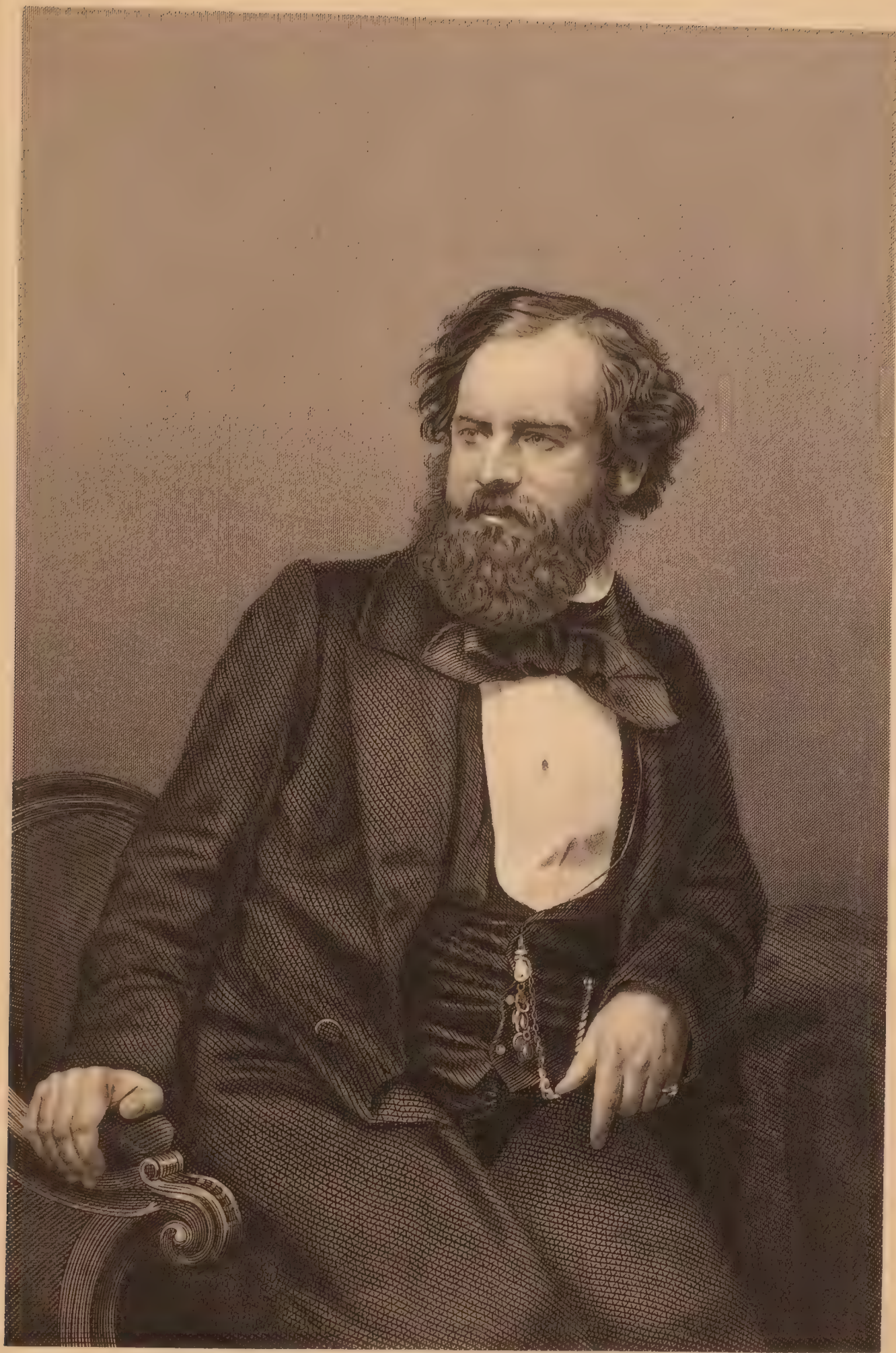
Mr. LEECH, the elder, would have placed him with Sir GEORGE BALLINGALL, of Edinburgh, but the embarrassment of his affairs prevented such an arrangement.

LEECH soon became known among his fellow-students for his lifelike, keen, but always good-natured caricatures: he was for ever drawing. He never had any regular art lessons, but his medical studies furnished him with that knowledge of the structure and proportions of the human form which gives such reality to his drawings.

After a time he was placed under a Mr. WHITTLE, an eccentric medical practitioner residing at Hoxton, and subsequently under Dr. JOHN COCKLE, afterwards physician to the Royal Free Hospital. Mr. WHITTLE has been immortalised as Mr. Rawkins, whose eccentricities have been set forth by ALBERT SMITH, himself an incipient surgeon, in his *Adventures of Mr. Ledbury and his Friend Jack Johnson*, first published in *Bentley's Miscellany*. LEECH frequently referred to "Rawkins" as being the *fac-simile* of WHITTLE, and probably suggested the character to the author, whose description of the man, who was continually "an apothecary, gulling of simples," will not be devoid of interest.

"Mr. Rawkins," says Albert Smith, "was so extraordinary a person for a medical practitioner that had we only read of him instead of having known him we should at once have put him down as the far-fetched creation of an author's brain. He was about eight-and-thirty years old and of Herculean form, except his legs, which were small by comparison with the rest of his body. But he thought that he was modelled after the statues of antiquity; and, indeed, as respected his nose, which was broken, he was not far wrong in his idea—that feature having been rather damaged in some hospital skirmish when he was a student. His face was adorned with a luxuriant fringe of black whiskers, meeting under his chin, whilst his hair of the same hue was cut rather short about his head, and worn without the least regard to any particular style or direction. But it was his class of pursuits which made him so singular a character. Every available apartment in his house, not actually occupied by human beings, was appropriated to the conserving of innumerable rabbits, guinea-pigs, and ferrets. His areas were filled with poultry; birdcages hung at every window; and the whole of his roof had been converted into one enormous pigeon-trap, in which it was one of his most favourite occupations to sit on fine afternoons with a pipe and brandy-and-water, and catch his neighbours' birds. He had very little private practice: the butcher, baker, and tobacconist were his chief patients, and employed him more especially with the intention of working out their accounts. He derived his





principal income from the retail of his shop, his appointments of medical man to the police force and parish poor, and breeding fancy rabbits. These various avocations pretty well filled up his time; and, when at home, he passed his spare minutes in practising gymnastics—balancing himself upon one hand, laying hold of staples and keeping himself out at right angles to the wall, with other feats of strength, the acquisition of which he deemed necessary in enabling him to support the character of Hercules—his most favourite impersonation—with due effect.”

Although this picture of “Rawkins” may be somewhat exaggerated, there is truth enough in it to enable one to understand how long young JOHN LEECH should be attracted to him. Such a man would naturally be the hero of a schoolboy’s fancy, and the great exemplar in whose footsteps it would be glorious to follow. “Rawkins,” *alias* WHITTLE, did not, however, succeed in his profession, which is not surprising; for, we are told, the faith held in him by some of his lady-patients was not strengthened, when, on taking a walk, they were suddenly surrounded by a hurrying and shouting crowd, in the middle of which, as they escaped, they beheld their medical adviser in quaint attire running to pick up stones in his mouth. He eventually married a widowed landlady of the large public-house at the end of his street, to whom he had for some time been paying his addresses. He turned tapster, and his old pupils used to call upon him and patronise his beer, which he, in his shirtsleeves, drew for them. It is said that he was originally a Quaker, and that he died a missionary at the Antipodes.

About this time young LEECH’s liking for horses probably received its first development. A friend of his own age, Mr. CHARLES ADAMS, who was closely occupied in business during the day, was the happy owner of two horses, which it was his delight to drive, tandem fashion, during a large part of the night. LEECH was his constant companion in these curious excursions, to which we are, doubtless, indebted for the many clever bits of driving life, of visions of savage and sleepy toll-keepers, of strange lights in dark country roads, and of discomfited wayfarers suddenly charged by reckless charioteers, as depicted by the pencil of the artist. Once when he and some friends were representing, with great success, before His Majesty’s lieges, a select company of glee-singers, and were liberally rewarded with small coin and copper, “I crossed the street,” said LEECH, “to a very attentive listener, and held out my cap. But he

quietly produced a small fiddle from behind his back and silently pleaded exemption from my claims, on the score of 'being in the trade.' "

At St. Bartholomew's and elsewhere LEECH at this early period of his life made friendships, which he always prized, with ALBERT SMITH, PERCIVAL LEIGH (the author of the *Comic English Grammar*, *Pips' Diary*, &c.), and many others, some of whom still remember his attending, when fifteen years of age, the anatomical lectures of Mr. STANLEY, and his custom of making notes of the more remarkable faces of his fellow-pupils. The "Buccinator" was one of many sketches with which he amused his companions. Another which is well remembered is that of JACK REEVE as "Cupid" dancing on a sunflower. The earliest sketches of his which are still preserved belong to this period, and many of them were in the possession of his friend MARK LEMON, afterwards editor of *Punch*. They cover both sides of a sheet of paper, and have punning titles, after the manner of the woodcuts in which TOM HOOD played his pranks.

LEECH seems to have gradually given up his medical studies, and to have resolved to live by his art. Well, if he had persevered in them until he had become the founder of a new College of Surgeons, not he and all his coadjutors could have brought into sick-rooms and hospitals such comfort and refreshment as that one pencil has bestowed.

He was eighteen years of age when he published his first work, entitled *Etchings and Sketchings*, by A. Pen, Esq., which bore this characteristic motto, taken from the speech of Cardinal Wolsey :—

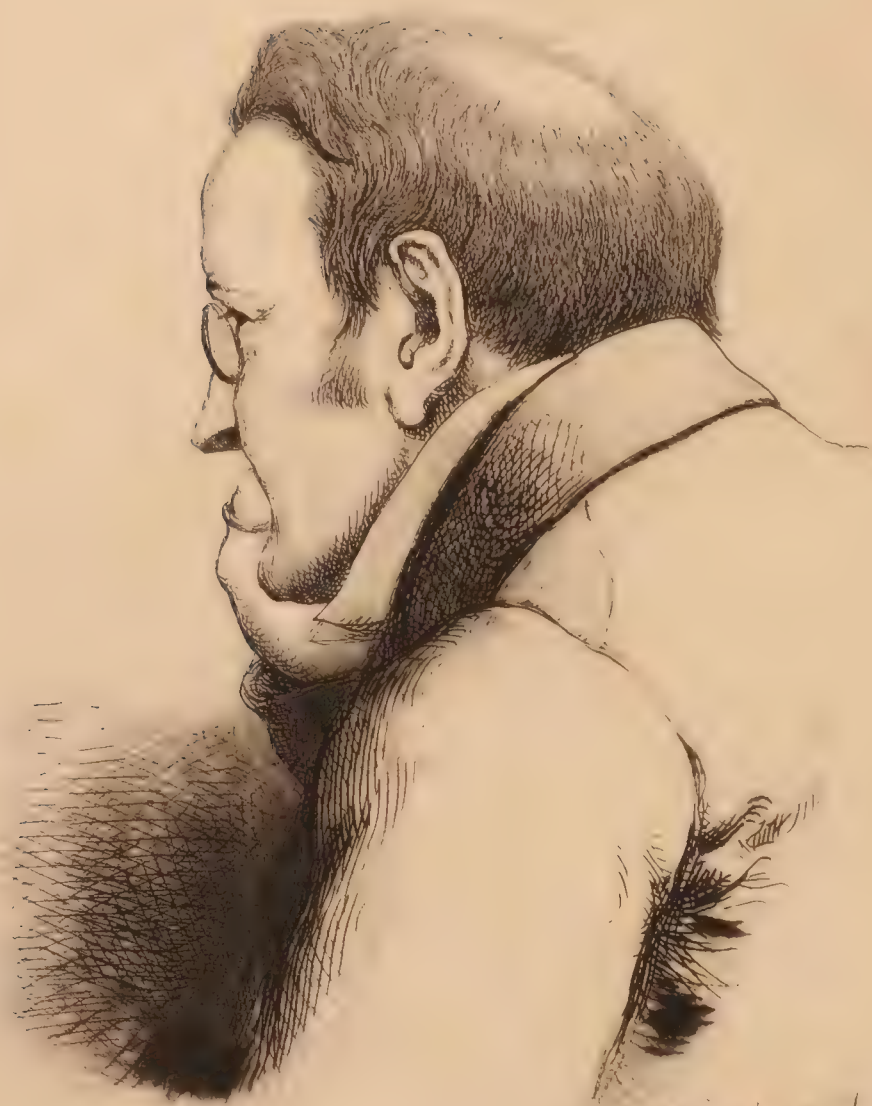
" That noble lady
Or gentleman that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend."

This little work, published at the price of "2s. plain, 3s. coloured," consisted of four quarto sheets,* covered with clever sketches, slightly caricatured, of cabmen, policemen, street-musicians, donkeys, broken-down hacks, and many other oddities

* It is thus described in the *Cornhill Magazine*, December, 1864. A writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, however, calls it a *quarto of four pages*. What is probably meant is a book, quarto size, having four leaves. It is now very scarce.



FUN.



1852

of London life. Most of these sketches, however, were very incomplete, and were mere suggestions of heads, of half-length and whole-length figures. About this time LEECH turned his attention to lithography, and by means of it got into circulation some political caricatures, which are not without merit. Their ability, however, is that of a man who had not yet found the secret of his power, and was compelled to accommodate himself to the standard of the printsellers. Having drawn his pictures upon a stone, he has been known to spend a weary day in carrying the heavy stone from publisher to publisher in search of a buyer. The feat which brought him into general notice was a successful caricature of what is known as the MULREADY envelope.* On this envelope, which was designed by MULREADY, Britannia was represented in the act of despatching winged messengers with letters to all parts of the globe, and down the sides of the paper were groups of personages eagerly welcoming the despatches, a small space being left for the direction. It was published by the authorities in aid of the cheap postal system, but the exceedingly unbusiness-like character of the device, and certain hints afforded by the design, struck the young satirist, and he executed a caricature envelope, in which the original was so ludicrously parodied that, had it been less absurd as a practical affair, it could hardly have survived. The caricature, which was duly got up as a postal envelope, sold enormously, though, of course, but a small pecuniary reward came to the comparatively unknown artist, and it was not only largely bought, but largely used for letters by the irreverent. People asked who had done it. And when that question begins to be asked, the sail ceases to flap in the wind, and the spray begins to fly from the bows.

Shortly after young LEECH's maiden effort in publishing there appeared upon the scene a book which, from its birth down to the present day, has remained a favourite with the public. It was entitled *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, and was published in monthly parts. The early illustrations were executed by SEYMOUR, who died by his own hand before many parts of the book had appeared. This sad occurrence created a vacancy for an illustrator, and LEECH, inspired and encouraged

* See illustrations facing page 16.

by his recent artistic successes, applied for the post. But he was forestalled, as "Phiz" (HABLÔT KNIGHT BROWNE) and THACKERAY had competed for the honour, which was accorded to the former.

A great deal of LEECH's early work may be seen in the pages of *Bell's Life in London*, that well-known sporting newspaper, in which, some fifty years ago, were published a number of woodcuts by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, KENNY MEADOWS, "Phiz," and SEYMOUR. Young LEECH also contributed similar designs, with the accompanying descriptions, some bearing the date of 1836. The most noticeable of such opening efforts were "The Boy's Own Series," "Studies from Nature," "Amateur Originals," and the "Ups and Downs of Life; or, the Vicissitudes of a Swell," in all of which LEECH's ease of style and happy seizure of character are readily recognised. It was when at work for *Bell's Life* that he first imbibed a taste for field sports, which developed into one of the strongest features in his pictorial career. He joined the hounds in Hertfordshire with Mr. PARRY and the "Puckeridge," and where, at one time, Mr. MILLAIS was his very companion, as his fellow-pupil in acquiring the rudiments of the chase.

Our artist then concocted schemes of drollery with his friends, and especially with Mr. PERCIVAL LEIGH, who had been his fellow-student at St. Bartholomew's. Thus it was a favourite idea of LEECH's to publish a *Comic Latin Grammar* as a freak, he contributing the illustrations, and Mr. LEIGH the text. This, as he proposed it, would have been a bit of fun consisting of a few pages, but ultimately, as published in 1840, it became a more elaborate burlesque. It was followed by a similar work, entitled the *Comic English Grammar*. The same pair, working in concert, then produced *The Children of the Mobility*, a parody on a then well-known work devoted to the serious glorification of our juvenile aristocracy. The work consisted of seven lithographs in a wrapper,—an important series dealing with the humorous and pathetic aspects of London street arabs, which were afterwards so often and so effectually to employ the artist's pencil. Amid all the squalor which these plates depict they are full of individual beauties in the delicate or touching expression of a face, in the graceful turn of a limb. The book is scarce in its original



THE RESURRECTION

W. G. W. 1840



*This Design has
(and respectfully request)
been submitted to Government
by an aspiring Artist
And isn't ready?*

His
Mark





Who am I, by the way, & the more you know me, the more you will love me.



form, but, in 1875, reproductions of the outline sketches for the designs were published, a lithographic issue of the whole series,—and a finer photographic transcript of six of the subjects, which is more valuable than even the finished illustrations of 1841, in which the added light-and-shade is frequently spotty and ineffective, and the lining itself has not the freedom which we find in some of LEECH's other lithographs, notably in the *Fly-Leaves*, published at the *Punch* office.

In August, 1841, LEECH began work which he never quitted but with life. Three weeks before, the first number of *Punch* had appeared, and the artist was speedily secured for the new periodical, with which his name will always be associated. For twenty years he was its leading spirit, and, by his contributions to its pages, earned, from first to last, the sum of £40,000. Political cartoons he turned out by the score, and by the hundred his humorous "pictures of life and character," most of which have been republished in separate volumes. He availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded him of pointing at, in a pictorial sense, the social evils of that time, and also took it upon himself to hold up to ridicule the white-chokered boys who were wont to appear at parties many years ago, aping the look and manners of men; and he may be credited with having cleared the social field of those exceedingly precocious young gentry. His old schoolfellow, THACKERAY, hated "snobbery" with a true and particular hatred, and therefore we need not be surprised to find that when both the boys had developed into eminent men, and the author pronounced a verdict on the artist, he singled out for especial praise the sketches in which LEECH lampooned vulgar pretence. "No man," says the author of *Vanity Fair*, "has ever depicted the little snob with such delightful touch as LEECH. To remember one or two of these gents is to laugh." DICKENS, too, was a friend and admirer of LEECH, contending that in the art of caricature he, although conceding all due fame to the elder and stronger contemporary (GEORGE CRUIKSHANK), was the very first Englishman who had made beauty a part of his art; and held that, by striking out this course, and setting the successful example of always introducing into his most whimsical pieces some beautiful faces or agreeable forms, LEECH had done more than any other man of his generation

to refine a branch of art to which the facilities of steam-printing and wood-engraving were giving almost unrivalled diffusion and popularity. When the sketches of precocious youths appeared in 1841 in book form, entitled *The Rising Generation*, DICKENS complimented LEECH on its merits, and thus wrote concerning it:—

“We enter our protest against those of the Rising Generation who are precociously in love being made the subject of merriment by a pitiless and unsympathising world. We never saw a boy more distinctly in the right than the young gentleman kneeling on the chair to beg a lock of hair from his pretty cousin, to take back to school. Madness is in her apron, and Virgil, dog’s-eared and defaced, is in her ringlets. Doubts may suggest themselves of the perfect disinterestedness of the other young gentleman contemplating the fair girl at the piano—doubts engendered by his worldly allusion to ‘tin;’ although even that may have arisen in his modest consciousness of his own inability to support an establishment—but that he should be ‘deucedly inclined to go and cut that fellow out’ appears to us one of the most natural emotions of the human breast. The young gentleman with the dishevelled hair and clasped hands, who loves the transcendent beauty with the bouquet, and can’t be happy without her, is to us a withering and desolate spectacle. Who *could* be happy without her? . . . The growing youths are not less happily observed and agreeably depicted than grown women. The languid little creature who ‘hasn’t danced since he was quite a boy’ is perfect; and the eagerness of the small dancer whom he declines to receive for a partner at the hands of the glorious old lady of the house (the little feet quite ready for the first position, the whole heart projected into the quadrille, and the glance peeping timidly at the desired one out of a flutter of hope and doubt) is quite delightful to look at. The intellectual youth who awakens the tremendous wrath of a Norma of private life by considering woman an inferior animal is lecturing at the present moment, we understand, on the Concrete in connection with the Will. The legs of the young philosopher who considers Shakspeare an overrated man were seen by us dangling over the side of an omnibus last Tuesday. We have no acquaintance with the scowling young gentleman who is clear that ‘if his governor don’t like the way he goes on in, why he must have chambers and so much a week;’ but if he is not by this time in Van Dieman’s Land, he will certainly go to it through Newgate. We should exceedingly dislike to have personal property in a strong box, to live in the suburb of Camberwell, and to be in the relation of bachelor-uncle to that youth. . . . In all his designs, whatever Mr. Leech desires to do he does. His drawing seems to us charming; and the expression indicated, though by the simplest means, is exactly the natural expression, and is recognised as such immediately. Some forms of our existing life will never have a better chronicler. His wit is good-natured and always the wit of a gentleman. He has a becoming sense of responsibility and self-restraint; he delights in agreeable things; he imparts some pleasant air of his own to things not pleasant in themselves; he is suggestive and full of matter; and he is always improving. Into the tone as well as into the execution of what he does he has brought a certain elegance which is altogether new, without involving any compromise of what is true. Popular art in England has not had so rich an acquisition.”

The first number of *Punch* was issued on the 17th July, 1841, and LEECH’s first contribution to it appeared on the 7th August, in the fourth number. It seems to be the only con-



Photd in America.

J. C. Armvtag.

CHARLES W. ARMVTAG

1867

tribution of his pencil to the first half-yearly volume of *Punch*; nor did he contribute many designs to the second volume—apparently not more than half-a-dozen. The first sketch is entitled “Foreign Affairs,” and is a pretty accurate representation of such foreigners as may be seen any day in London. In it there are a considerable number of heads and faces of French and German scamps, such as take refuge in the great metropolis. The drawing was skilfully made, and the artist had forcibly delineated their knavish and grimy characteristics; lest this application of the lash, however, should seem British prejudice, the reader was warned by a foot-note that these “*affaires*” must not be considered as representatives of foreign *gentlemen*. In the centre of the page is a scroll bearing the title, and the now familiar signature of a wriggling leech in a bottle. What,



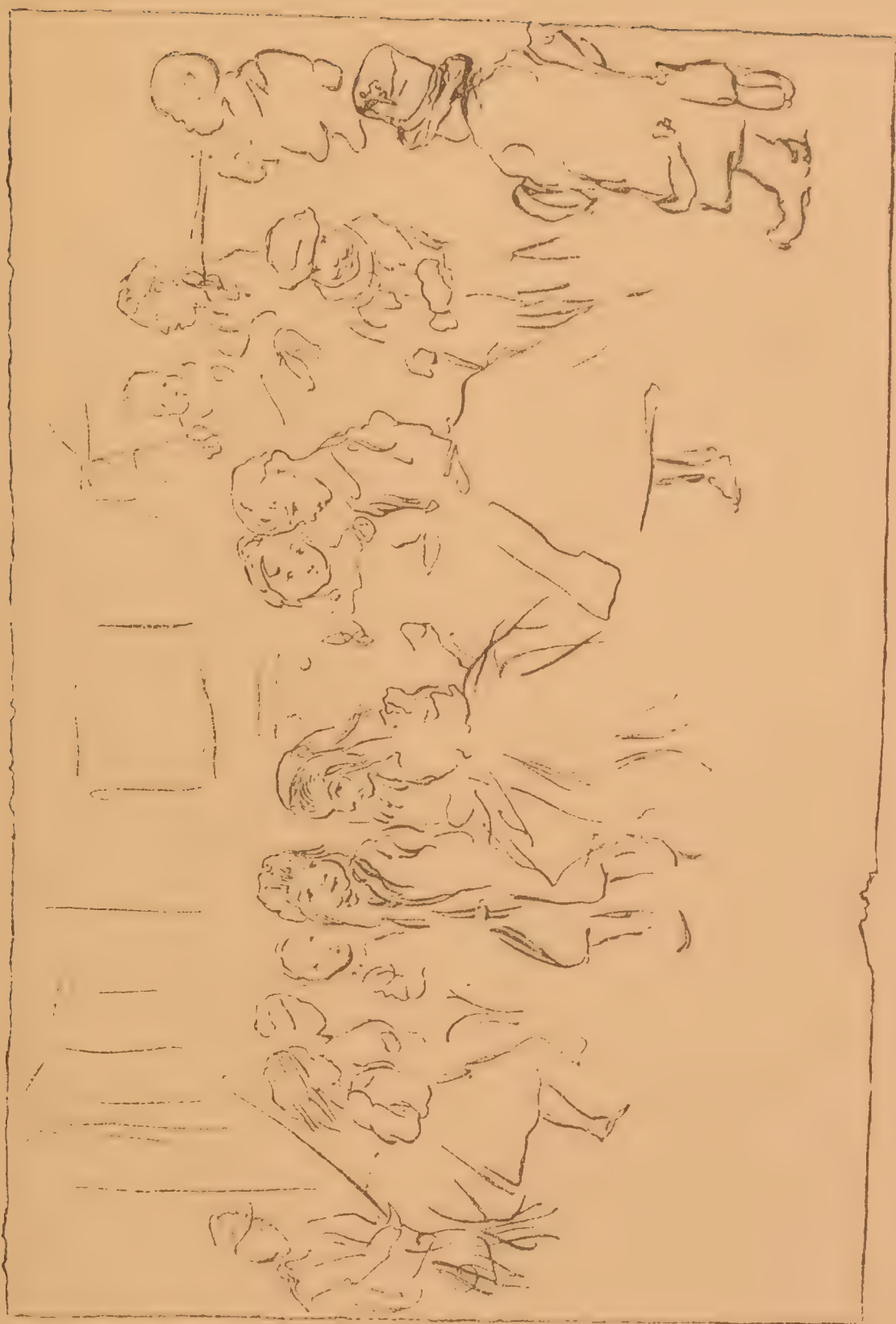
however, is most remarkable about the sketch is that it at once sent down the circulation of *Punch*. It is an odd thing to say that he, who afterwards became the most conspicuous and most attractive contributor to this print, should have damaged its sale on his first connection with it. The injury was effected in this wise:—The process had not then been discovered of dividing a wood-block into parts, and giving them to several hands to engrave simultaneously. The artist drew upon an entire block, which could not be taken to pieces, and only one engraver could work upon it at a time. Such blocks, therefore, if they were of considerable size, took a long time to cut; and LEECH's first drawing for *Punch*, as it filled a whole page, was not ready for publication on the appointed day. But the fact itself has its interest as suggesting one of the causes that conduced to

LEECH's great success. The perfecting of the art of the wood-engraver came in the very nick of time to help him on, by insuring that rapidity of publication which was to him a great encouragement, and to the public an inestimable boon. It insured freshness, and novelty. The whim or fashion of the day might be seen pictured by him even before the public began to notice it much in real life, and the droll story, that belonged to the froth and spray of the passing wave, had not time to become stale before it made matter for a sketch, and might be seen in *Punch's* Gallery.

In this connection it should be remembered that, if LEECH did great things for *Punch*, that periodical gave him a great opportunity, such as no artist before him had enjoyed, and which he alone was able to seize.

Newspaper art was an utter novelty, and he gave to that novelty the dignity, the grace, and the nameless attraction of genius. Week after week there flowed from his pencil an endless succession of scenes—now of high life, and now of low life; now of indoors, and now of the street and public place; now of the town, and now of the country; now of England, and now of foreign lands; now of summer, and now of winter; now of sunshine, and now of storm. He caught the very image of his time, and fixed it in his sketches with such a combined strength and delicacy that one knew not which most to admire in him, his innate sense of beauty or his firm adhesion to accuracy. In depicting interiors he would introduce the smallest details of dress and furniture, which many of us hardly notice. But he was even happier when he got out-of-doors, and led us into the country. What scenes he drew of the hunting-field, of deer-stalking among Highland hills, and of fishing in Highland glens!

He was an ardent lover of such sport himself, delighting in horses from his childhood, and frequently following the hounds. Well known to his friends was a certain little pocket-book in which he was always making notes. If he did not actually make notes, pencil in hand, still he was studying in other ways. When he went to enjoy a day's hunting, perhaps he would pick out some fox-hunter that took his fancy, and would keep behind him the whole day, watching all his attitudes in the saddle, and marking every item of his dress to the last button and button-hole. Thus we see how he obtained such correctness



of detail, and why there is such a look of nature in his drawings. He was ever at work, consciously and unconsciously; and although many of his sketches are slight, and apparently executed without much effort, it must not be supposed that they involved no mental labour. All concentrated endeavour wears the mind, and it was well said by a painter to one who underrated the worth of a picture produced in a week, "You forget that I have spent my whole life in learning to paint that picture in so short a time." But LEECH's working was more rapid in appearance than it was in reality. He formed his ideas very quickly: he saw his way in a moment.

As an instance of this, Mr. SAMUEL LUCAS went to him once for a little sketch which he wanted as the initial-letter to a tale that was about to appear in *Once a Week*. It was the story of a clown who had to crack his jokes in a circus while his wife was in her dying agonies. She was a columbine who, standing on horseback, used to leap through hoops. On the occasion of one of her leaps she missed her footing, fell to the ground, and injured herself fatally. To illustrate this tale a sketch was wanted suggesting the initial I. Before Mr. LUCAS had ceased speaking the thing was done. "I think this is what you want," said LEECH, showing him the first draft of the finished drawing (afterwards published) of a skeleton clown holding up the usual circus-hoop, the paper which had been stretched over it having just been broken by the rider jumping through it, the break or tear thus caused forming the initial-letter required. The sketch is remarkable, not only for the instantaneousness with which the artist conceived the idea, but is also an indication of what he, who generally took a humorous view of life, could achieve in the direction of tragedy. When Mr. MARK LEMON came with the suggestion of a cartoon for *Punch* he was always struck with LEECH's rapidity of understanding. He would sometimes knock off one of his large cartoons in an hour or so, while the friendly editor chatted with him over a cigar.

It is interesting to learn how the subjects for the *Punch* cartoons were decided upon. Almost from the foundation of that journal it has been the habit of the contributors, every Wednesday, to dine together. In the winter months the dinner was usually held in the front room of the first-floor of No. 11,

Bouverie Street, Whitefriars—the business offices of the proprietors, Messrs. BRADBURY and EVANS. Sometimes these dinners were held at the Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden. During the summer months it was customary to have ten or twelve dinners at places in the neighbourhood of London, Greenwich, Richmond, Blackwall, &c. On these occasions the contents of the forthcoming number of *Punch* were discussed. When the cloth was removed, and dessert laid on the table, the first question put by the editor was, “What shall the cartoon be?” During the lifetime of JERROLD and THACKERAY the discussions after dinner ran very high owing to the constitutional antipathy existing between these two. JERROLD being the oldest, as well as the noisiest, generally came off victorious. It required all the suavity of MARK LEMON to calm the storm, his decision always being final. Papers were brought out, and the latest intelligence discussed, in order to bring the cartoon down to the latest date, and on the Thursday morning following, the editor called at the houses of the artists to see what was being done, and on Friday all copy was delivered and put into type.

At these dinners none but those connected with the staff proper were permitted to attend; the only occasional exceptions, we believe, have been Sir JOSEPH PAXTON, Mr. LAYARD, CHARLES DICKENS, Rev. REYNOLDS HOLE, and CHARLES DICKENS, junior.

The large cartoons in *Punch* may fairly be considered LEECH’S most important work. Though the subjects of them were sufficiently personal, yet they were never coarsely or aggressively so, and he was sure to mix some touches of harmless humour and gentlemanly feeling with his castigations. His favourite method of treating official persons—statesmen, senators, and public characters in general—was to represent them as children, as naughty boys, or good boys, or boys with lessons to learn and school-work to get through. Some of the very best of the political cartoons of the day were those juvenile personations of LEECH’S. Thus when Sir ROBERT PEEL resigned in 1846 he drew that inimitable design of Lord JOHN, in the character of “Buttons,” applying for the vacant situation, and the Queen replying, “I fear, JOHN, you are not strong enough for the place.” Another cartoon represents that boy BEN (DISRAELI), and the pedagogue asking what he is prepared to do next “half,” BEN replying,



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C. A. Brevil?





W. Mayard

Engraving of Mr. T. H. Nomin.

London Richard Bentley, 1851



Engraved by D. J. Pound from a Photo

with a saucy air, that he had "made arrangements to smash everything." Again in 1851, after Lord JOHN's ineffectual skirmish with the Roman Catholic party, the noble lord is humorously depicted as the naughty little boy who had chalked "No Popery" on the door, and then ran away. Earl RUSSELL has himself, in his "Recollections," spoken of this satire as a "fair hit." Occasionally it struck him that some familiar illustration in a book, such as "Oliver asking for more," suggested a political situation, and by placing other heads and faces on the figures he produced a cartoon by the new arrangement. The illustrations in the works of DICKENS frequently suggested to him such ideas, and the writer remembers to have seen "Mrs. Gamp and her bosom friend Betsy Prig," "The Election for Beadle," and several others treated in this way. These, and such as these, are typical examples of the guileless mirth and fun that for the most part qualified the artist's satire.

The portraits of the political parties in these cartoons were always excellent, for the caricaturist is something more than the mere portrait-painter, who produces his work after a few sittings, and with his model in a set position. In the same way that GILRAY observed the peculiarities of PITT and FOX, and BURKE and SHERIDAN, from his vantage-ground over Mrs. HUMPHREY's shop in St. James's Street, where he lodged, and caught his victims unawares, becoming familiar with every angle and every shade of expression of the public men who were his unconscious sitters—even so did LEECH snatch sittings from PEEL and PALMERSTON, Lord JOHN and WELLINGTON, and had thrust their portraits safely into his waistcoat-pocket, in that small note-book which he always carried. It is recorded that when it was proposed to cast a statue of Sir ROBERT PEEL, the portrait selected as most striking in its resemblance, most faithful to his natural expression, was found in a cartoon by JOHN LEECH, published in *Punch*, and that from this drawing the head was modelled.

On the other hand, when satire was not demanded, but social or national wrong called for grave censure, LEECH knew how to administer it, not only without giving unnecessary offence, but in the way best calculated to bring about reform and redress. When incendiarism was rife in the sister isle he treated it

rightly as a symptom, not of anarchy, but of despair. He drew the wretched cottier in his miserable hovel—the wife and mother, hunger-slain, lying dead on the bare pallet, and the famished babes crying to the bereaved father for bread. He sees them not, for his gaze is fixed on the poor dead mother; but he sees in his bewildered brain the fire-fiend waving his torch and beckoning him to vengeance on his oppressors. This picture alone, which appeared in 1845, should have given the artist a reputation.

But it was not the political, much less was it the tragic, aspects of society to which JOHN LEECH was to devote his talents. He was essentially a humourist, and as essentially a genial, frank-hearted gentleman. He found his proper vocation in depicting the social circles he frequented and the sports he loved, and there is hardly any class of London society which he has not comically reproduced. The medical student, the artist, the fast man and spendthrift, the well-to-do comfortable “cit,” the corporation magnate, the policeman, the cabdriver and his waterman, the carman, the coster, the poacher—all figure by turns in his pictures, and a hundred queer characters besides. Who has not laughed at the enterprise of the undaunted Mr. Briggs, the man who, undismayed by a thousand failures, scorned to succumb, but rode, and raced, and stalked the red deer, and hunted, and shot, and fished, and swam like a hero in the face of a world of disasters, such as the artist himself had experienced? Who among us cannot recall the varying scenes of Christmas revelry and fun which flowed from LEECH’s fancy as the season of merriment and hospitality came round, in which the frolicsome figures he drew so charmingly were grouped with such a comic effect, and always with a sympathy betraying the complicity of the artist in his own drolleries? When, as the season of summer waned, all London, as the common phrase goes, went out of town to the seaside, LEECH went with them, and what he saw there he told us from year to year in a series of drawings full of freshness and innocent mirth, while crowded with graceful groups of the fairest forms and faces of happy English girls. It was here, in the delineation of female beauty, that LEECH stood pre-eminent, excelling as much the artists of his own day as those of the past. He drew the features

of Englishwomen under every phase of emotion and with every variety of expression; and, with fewer touches than any artist we know, he contrived to impart to them more of grace and loveliness than we often find in finished works of far greater pretension. Again, the faces of his children (including, of course, the infant in arms), while they necessarily present greater difficulties, are rendered with a fidelity quite unequalled, and at the same time, with a careless freedom of outline which makes one wonder that they should be so true to nature and fact. The peculiar humour of LEECH is nowhere more happily displayed than in his treatment of little children; he must have loved them heartily and tenderly or he would never have made so much of them, or recommended them so strongly to the affections of others.* A contributor to the columns of the *Times*, Oct. 31, 1864, has thus written:—

“A Christmas time without two dozen sketches by Leech, full of the most graceful and delicate humour, would be a strange Christmas indeed—a Christmas which might as well be without holly and mistletoe, dancing and good cheer. He always took great pains as Christmas drew nigh, and year by year seemed to surpass himself in delicacies of touch and in the charm of his humour. . . . His experiences of our social life—his pictures of balls, dinner-parties, mess-rooms, bachelors’ chambers, Rotten Row, gardens, parks, streets, watering-places, shooting parties, hunting fields, boating, fishing, and we know not what else, make up such a history of his time as to the future historian will be invaluable. The fashion of the day, the passion of the hour, is reflected on his page as in a photograph. And while we have thus in his sketches a curiously-complete history of certain phases of this Victorian era, we have also in them a picture and a chronicle of the artist’s own life. Any one, without having known Mr. Leech personally, can detect in these sketches the work of a keen-sighted, hearty sort of man, healthy and broad in his sympathies, full of fun, but still more charmed with grace and sensitive to beauty, fond of children, fond of dwelling on all youthful beauty, fond of beautiful dogs and horses, but, above all things, fond of truth and nature. In him the sense of the grotesque and the love of satire was never allowed to interfere with, much less to override his attraction to, what was beautiful and true. There never was a caricaturist who was so little of a caricaturist; who could give the truth

* That such love for children did exist in Leech’s breast is sufficiently proved by the following anecdote, related by Ellen Clayton in *English Female Artists*:—Mrs. Emma Cooper, the well-known painter of birds and flowers, was, when a little child, much interested in drawing by seeing her father’s friend, John Leech, make his designs for *Punch*. He used often to stay at her uncle’s house when she was there, and, being one of the kindest and gentlest of men, was always very good to his youthful admirer. One day she had been endeavouring to draw a lady’s boot, and after trying a long time unsuccessfully, she asked Mr. Leech to do it for her. He drew one for her with almost a sweep of his pencil. This she very rashly cut out *tout de suite*, covered with silk, and converted it into a pincushion—an act of innocent Vandalism which she has never ceased to regret. He also drew for her another sketch, representing the immortal Sairy Gamp meeting a friend in the street. Fortunately she took care of this, and it remains a valued treasure.

of nature on so many different sides, and seemed at the same time to have so quick an eye for whatever is lovely in nature. He drew with equal ease a fine lady and a crossing-sweeper; on the same page he would bewitch the reader of *Punch* with the loveliest of little maidens, and provoke him with the vulgarest of upstarts. And he was always seeing and drawing something new. Suddenly we should be astonished with some sea-piece in which the billows were rendered with wonderful skill, or we had some mountain scenery, or a glade in a wood, or ploughed fields, or standing corn. He never stood still. When we wondered what would come next, we had some rare sky, some curious effect of light. And all this display of scenery was the mere background to views in which men, and women, and children were the chief objects of interest."

The letterpress descriptions in *Punch* will often recall the pictures to which they are appended, and raise a smile at the recollection. The holiday-schoolboy at the pastrycook's counter, who tells the saleswoman that he has had "two jellies, seven of them, and eleven of them, and six of those, and four bath-buns, a sausage-roll, ten almond cakes, and a bottle of ginger-beer;" the capital heads of the two swimmers at a watering-place, of which the lips of one say almost in the horror-stricken ear of the other, "I beg your parding, captain, but could you oblige me with my little account?"—are full of rollicking humour. Another sketch represents an admiring crowd of visitors to an exhibition, one of whom remarks, in reference to a statue of Venus de Medicis, "Why, that's the very himmage of our Hemma!"—In July, 1846, is his own portrait, when the maid said to him, "If you please, sir, here's the printer's boy called again!"—In January, 1847, he has introduced himself as a performer on the clarionet, a member of the orchestra in "Mr. Punch's Fancy Ball." Other writers and artists of the *Punch* staff can be



recognised in this orchestral company. On the left is MAYHEW playing the cornet, then PERCIVAL LEIGH the double bass, GILBERT A'BECKETT the violin, DOYLE the clarionet, THACKERAY the piccolo, and TOM TAYLOR earnestly pegging away at the piano. The conductor of this goodly company is, of course,

MARK LEMON, the able *Punch* editor at that time, who is seen appealing to the fell JERROLD to moderate his bitter transports on the drum. Seven years later a different hand portrayed, in the same journal, all these and other contributors as boys at play. LEECH himself is riding his hobbyhorse, and, armed with a porte-crayon, is about to leap an easel set sideways to serve as a hurdle; JERROLD is playing skittles; THACKERAY has the bat in a small game of cricket; LEMON is playing rackets.

Thus, week after week and year after year, did the indefatigable artist contribute to *Punch* drawings both humorous and pathetic. Their number from first to last has been estimated at more than three thousand. When we take into consideration the number of books he illustrated in addition to this we can realise how unwearying was the brain that gave birth to so many creations, and with what unflagging industry the hand must have laboured that pictorially realised those creations. The year 1864, that of his decease, came and found him still "in harness," still at work as vigorously as ever, not robust, not rugged, but in seeming good health and spirits. To *Punch* for that year he had contributed eighty pictures, when, on the 5th of November, appeared an amusing cut. An Irishman, dreadfully maltreated in a street fight, is taken charge of by his wife, while a capitally-indicated group of the victor and his friends is seen in the distance, and two little Irish boys nearer. "Terence, ye great ummadawn," says the "wife of his bussum" to the vanquished hero, "what do yer git into this thrubble fur?" Says the hero in response, "D'ye call it thrubble now? Why, it's engyement." It is as good a thing as ever LEECH did—as good a cut as was ever in *Punch*. When he laid his pencil down beside this drawing it was never to take it up again, and six days before the appearance of the paper in which the cut was published, he had passed away.

As a natural consequence of the importance which his valuable services, both artistic and literary, assumed in connection with *Punch*, his income considerably improved. He was considered one of the most, if not the most, successful artist-humourists of the day, and his pencil was in constant request. Shortly before the birth of *Punch* he illustrated *The Porcelain Tower; or, Nine Stories*

of *China*, by T. T. T., a humorous work in which the pigtailed natives of that country play a conspicuous part. The book contains three etchings and fifteen woodcuts, the former being as good work with the needle as LEECH ever executed. He seemed, however, more in his element in wood-drawing, as it gave him greater scope for his vigorous style of handling, and undoubtedly his name is more intimately associated with that branch of art. In 1840, the Rev. T. BARHAM employed him to assist CRUIKSHANK with the illustrations to the *Ingoldsby Legends*, in their way equal to the Legends themselves, which is by no means slight praise. In 1844 appeared the *Comic Arithmetic*, a continuation of the parodies on the *English* and *Latin Grammars*. In the same year CHARLES DICKENS secured his services as illustrator of that admirable story the *Christmas Carol*, by far the best Christmas book that DICKENS wrote, and the only one illustrated exclusively by LEECH. In it there are four full-page etchings beautifully tinted, and several charming woodcuts drawn by the artist in his best manner.* The first edition of this book as issued, in good condition, is very scarce and valuable. This was followed, in 1845, by the second of DICKENS's Christmas books, the *Chimes*, which was partly illustrated by LEECH, with whose name are associated those of D. MACLISE, R.A., R. DOYLE, and CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A., as designers in its production.

The cuts, principally vignette, which appeared in these books, as also in the *Comic English* and *Latin Grammars*, 1840; in *Written Caricatures*, 1841; in HOOD's *Comic Annual*, 1842; and in ALBERT SMITH's *Wassail Bowl*, 1843, were excellently engraved by such skilled engravers as ORRIN SMITH, W. J. LINTON, &c., and were not, like the *Punch* illustrations, cut at speed by several engravers working simultaneously on the subdivided block. Among the other etchings of this period (1845) which deserve especial notice are those in *Young Master Troublesome; or, Master Jacky's Holidays*, and the frontispiece to *Hints on Life; or, How to Rise in Society*, a series of minute subjects, linked gracefully together by coils of smoke, illustrating the various ranks and conditions of men, one of them—the doctor by his patient's bedside—almost equalling, in vivacity and precision, the best of CRUIKSHANK's similar scenes.

* See illustration facing page 12.





James G. Thompson
1860





3

Woman seated with her Fan

P





In 1845 LEECH illustrated *St. Giles and St. James* in DOUGLAS JERROLD's *Shilling Magazine* with plates more vigorous and accomplished than those he did for *Bentley's Miscellany* in 1840. In 1846 appeared the *Battle of Life*, the third of DICKENS's Christmas books. This was partly illustrated by LEECH, and we are told by the author how lamentably the artist failed in realising one of the principal features of the narrative.

In the illustration which closes the second part of the story, where the festivities to welcome the bridegroom at the top of the page contrast with the flight of the bride represented below,* LEECH made the mistake of supposing that Michael Warden had taken part in the elopement, and introduced his figure with that of Marian. In justice to the artist, it should be stated, that the reader conjectures that such an elopement actually takes place, for both Michael Warden and Marian, whom he loves, disappear mysteriously the same night, and such a supposition holds good until the climax of the story, when the true circumstances of the case are explained by Marian. LEECH's mistake was not discovered until too late for remedy, the publication of the book having been then delayed to the utmost limit expressly for these drawings; and it is highly characteristic of DICKENS, and of the true regard he had for the artist, that, knowing the pain he must give in such circumstances by objection or complaint, he preferred to pass it silently. Nobody made any remark upon it, and there the illustration stands; but any one who reads the tale carefully will at once perceive what havoc it makes of one of the most delicate turns in it. DICKENS himself thus wrote to FORSTER in reference to it:—

"When I first saw it, it was with a horror and agony not to be expressed. Of course I need not tell *you*, my dear fellow, Warden has no business in the elopement scene. *He* was never there! In the first hot sweat of this surprise and novelty I was going to implore the printing of that sheet to be stopped, and the figure taken out of the block. But when I thought of the pain this might give to our kind-hearted Leech, and what is such a monstrous enormity to me, as never having entered my brain, may not so present itself to others, I became more composed, though the fact is wonderful to me. No doubt a great number of copies will be printed by the time this reaches you, and therefore I shall take it for granted that it stands as it is. Leech otherwise is very good, and the illustrations altogether are by far the best that have been done for any of the Christmas books."

In 1847 appeared GILBERT A'BECKETT's *Comic History of England*, which was followed, in 1852, by the companion work,

* See illustration facing page 28.

the *Comic History of Rome*. Both these volumes were profusely illustrated by LEECH, and contained several full-page etchings, beautifully tinted, and numerous woodcuts, all of a broadly humorous character, and which show some exquisitely graceful touches, as witness, in the latter volume, the fair faces that rise from the surging water in "Clœlia and her companions escaping from the Etruscan Camp." The etched plates, and those in the *Christmas Carol*, are among the best of LEECH's work with needle and acid.

Our artist seems to have been busily employed during the following year, for, besides partly illustrating Mr. JOHN FORSTER's *Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith*, he also designed and etched the plates for ALBERT SMITH's *Struggles and Adventures of Christopher Tadpole*, and, in conjunction with TENNIEL and others, CHARLES DICKENS's fourth Christmas book, the *Haunted Man, or the Ghost's Bargain*.* In this year also was issued another series of twelve large lithographs, entitled *The Rising Generation*. These are, perhaps, inferior to the similar publication of seven years before (*The Children of the Mobility*), being less refined in drawing, less elevated in character, as works of art.

It is hinted by some that greater justice is done to LEECH's capabilities as an artist through the medium of lithography than that of wood-engraving. This is probably true, for both in lithography and etching the lines drawn by the artist were identically the same as those which appeared in print, whereas those drawn upon wood were *translated* by the engraver, who might sometimes fail in his appreciation of the dainty touches made by the pencil; indeed, there was constant complaint that his drawings on wood were spoiled by the wood-engravers, not necessarily that these last were unskilful, but that such subtle touches in the swiftly-drawn designs, were hard to preserve in hastily-cut blocks. LEECH is quoted as saying to a friend who was admiring a study in pencil:—"Wait till Saturday, and see how the engraver will have spoiled it."

In 1853, besides the illustrations to MAXWELL's *Fortunes of Hector O'Halloran*, appeared those of the first of a series of sporting novels by R. SURTEES, entitled *Mr. Sponge's Sporting*

* See illustration facing page 46.





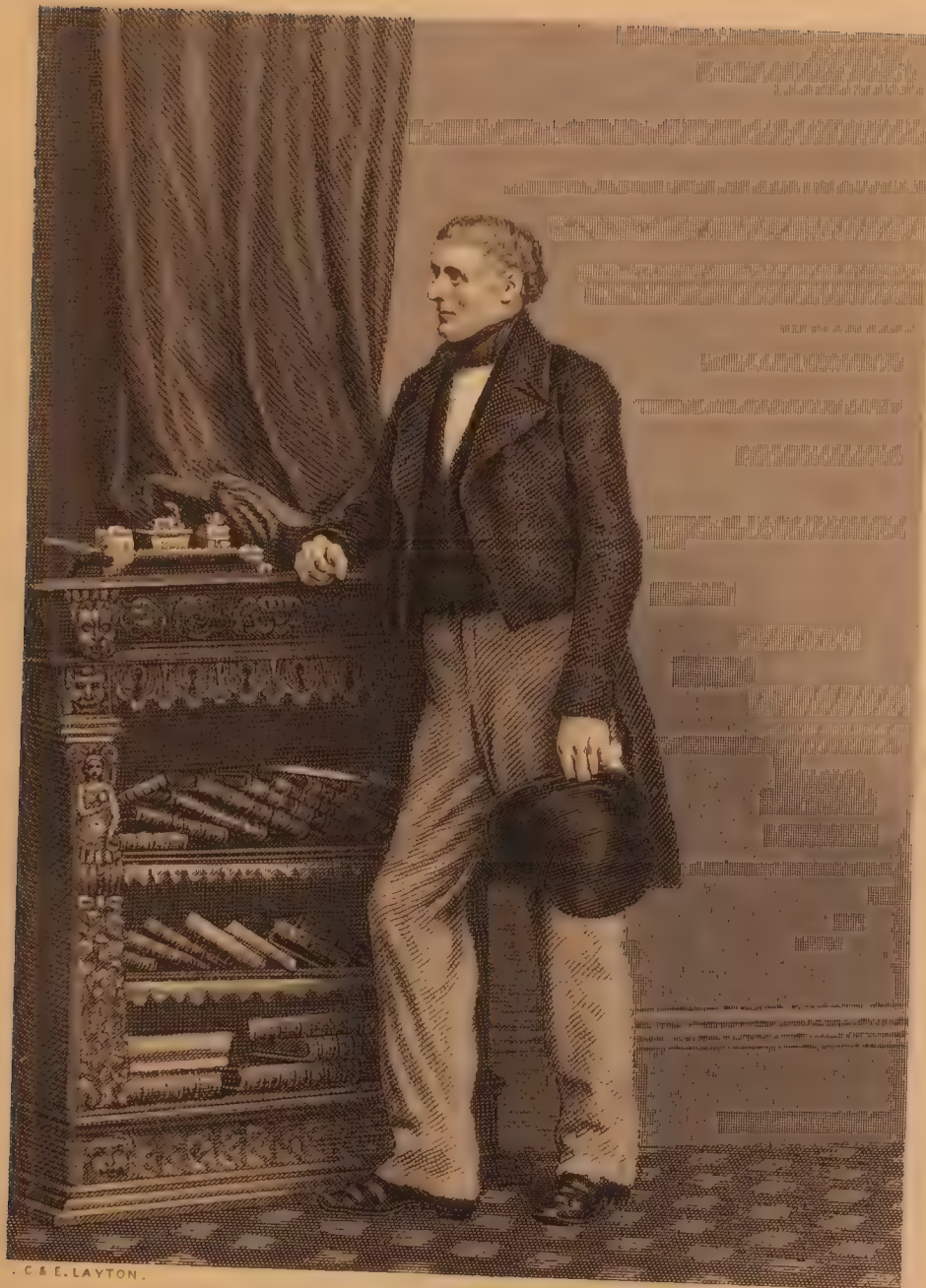
Henry the 4th and his wife Mary 2nd



The Marriage of Henry VIII







Mrs. D. R. S. Linton.



Tour, which contained tinted etchings (somewhat similar in treatment to the *Comic History of England* plates), and numerous woodcuts. The subjects of the plates were entirely sporting, and LEECH, being himself a sportsman, could enter fully into such scenes. The remaining books of this series, published at intervals of a year or two, were entitled *Handley Cross*, *Ask Mamma, or the Richest Commoner in England*, *Plain or Ringlets*, and *Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds*.

The first series of his *Pictures of Life and Character*, reprinted from *Punch*, appeared in 1854, and attracted considerable attention. It drew from THACKERAY'S pen, which was frequently enlisted in the praises of his old schoolfellow and constant friend, an admirable article published in the *Quarterly Review* at that time. He wrote:—

"This book is better than plumcake at Christmas. It is one enduring plumcake, which you may eat and which you may slice and deliver to your friends; and to which, having cut it, you may come again and welcome, from year's end to year's end. In the frontispiece you see Mr. Punch examining the pictures in his gallery—a portly, well-dressed, middle-aged respectable gentleman, in a white neckcloth and a polite evening costume—smiling in a very bland and agreeable manner upon one of his pleasant drawings, taken out of one of his handsome portfolios. Mr. Punch has very good reason to smile at the work and be satisfied with the artist. Mr. Leech, his chief contributor, and some kindred humourists, with pencil and pen have served Mr. Punch admirably. . . . There is no blinking the fact that in Mr. Punch's cabinet John Leech is the right-hand man. Fancy a number of *Punch* without Leech's pictures! What would you give for it? The learned gentlemen who write the work must feel that, without him, it were as well left alone. Look at the rivals whom the popularity of *Punch* has brought into the field; the direct imitators of Mr. Leech's manner—the artists with a manner of their own—how inferior their pencils are to his in humour, in depicting the public manners, in arresting and amusing the nation! The truth, the strength, the free vigour, the kind humour, the John Bull pluck and spirit of that hand are approached by no competitor. With what dexterity he draws a horse, a woman, a child! He feels them all, so to speak, like a man. What plump young beauties those are with which Mr. Punch's chief contributor supplies the old gentleman's pictorial harem! What famous thews and sinews Mr. Punch's horses have, and how Briggs, on the back of them, scampers across country! You see youth, strength, enjoyment, manliness in those drawings, and in none more so, to our thinking, than in the hundred pictures of children which this artist loves to design.* Like a brave, hearty, good-natured Briton, he becomes quite soft and tender with the little creatures, pats gently their little golden heads, and watches with unfailing pleasure their ways, their sports, their jokes, laughter, caresses. *Enfans terribles* come home from Eton; young miss practising her first flirtation; poor little ragged Polly making dirt-pies in the gutter, or staggering under the weight of Jacky, her nurse-child, who is as big as herself—all these little ones, patrician and plebeian, meet with kindness from this kind heart, and are watched with curious nicety by this amiable observer. . . .

"Now, any one who looks over Mr. Leech's portfolio must see that the social

* See illustration facing page 20.

pictures which he gives us are authentic. What comfortable little drawing-rooms and dining-rooms, what snug libraries we enter; what fine young gentlemanly wags they are, those beautiful little dandies who wake up gouty old grandpapa to ring the bell; who decline aunt's pudding and custards, saying that they will reserve themselves for an anchovy toast with the claret; who talk together behind ball-room doors—where Fred whispers Charley—pointing to a dear little partner seven years old—'My dear Charley, she has very much gone off; you should have seen that girl last season!' Look well at everything appertaining to the economy of the famous Mr. Briggs: how snug, quiet, appropriate all the appointments are! What a comfortable, neat, clean, middle-class house Briggs's is (in the Bayswater suburb of London, we should guess, from the sketches of the surrounding scenery)! What a good stable he has, with a loose box for those celebrated hunters which he rides! How pleasant, clean, and warm his breakfast-table looks! What a trim little maid brings in the topboots which horrify Mrs. B.! What a snug dressing-room he has, complete in all its appointments, and in which he appears trying on the delightful hunting-cap which Mrs. Briggs flings into the fire! How cosy all the Briggs party seem in their drawing-room, Briggs reading a treatise on dog-breaking by a lamp; mamma and grannie with their respective needleworks; the children clustering round a great book of prints—a great book of prints such as this before us, at this season, must make thousands of children happy by as many firesides! The inner life of all these people is represented. Leech draws them as naturally as Teniers depicts Dutch boors, or Morland pigs and stables. It is your house and mine; we are looking at everybody's family circle. Our boys coming from school give themselves such airs, the young scapegraces! our girls, going to parties, are so tricked out by fond mammas—a social history of London in the middle of the nineteenth century. As such future students—lucky they to have a book so pleasant—will regard these pages; even the mutations of fashion they may follow here if they be so inclined. Mr. Leech has as fine an eye for tailory and millinery as for horseflesh. How they change those cloaks and bonnets! How we have to pay milliners' bills from year to year! Where are those prodigious *châtelaines* of 1850 which no lady could be without? Where are those charming waistcoats, those 'stunning' waistcoats, which our young girls used to wear a few seasons back, and which cause 'Gus, in the sweet little sketch of 'La Mode,' to ask Ellen for her tailor's address? 'Gus is a young warrior by this time, very likely facing the enemy at Inkermann; and pretty Ellen, and that love of a sister of hers, are married and happy let us hope, superintending one of those delightful nursery scenes which our artist depicts with such tender humour. Fortunate artist, indeed! You see he must have been bred at a good public school; that he has ridden many a good horse in his day; paid, no doubt, out of his own pocket for the originals of some of those lovely caps and bonnets; and watched paternally the ways, smiles, frolics, and slumbers of his favourite little people.

"As you look at the drawings, secrets come out of them—private jokes, as it were, imparted to you by the author for your special delectation. How remarkably, for instance, has Mr. Leech observed the hairdressers of the present age! 'Mr. Tongs,' whom that hideous old bald woman, who ties on her bonnet at the glass, informs that 'she has used the whole bottle of Balm of California, but her hair comes off yet.' You can see the bear's grease not only on Tongs' head but on his hands, which he is clapping clamnily together! Remark him who is telling his client 'there is cholera in the hair;' and that lucky rogue whom that young lady bids to cut off 'a long thick piece'—for somebody, doubtless. All these men are different, and delightfully natural and absurd. Why should hairdressing be an absurd profession?

"The amateur will remark what an excellent part hands play in Mr. Leech's pieces: his admirable actors use them with perfect naturalness. Look at Betty, putting the urn down; at cook, laying her hands on the kitchen table, whilst her policeman grumbles at the cold meat. They are cooks' and house-





maids' hands without mistake, and not without a certain beauty too. The bald old lady, who is tying her bonnet at 'Tongs', has hands which you see are trembling. Watch the fingers of the two old harridans who are talking scandal: for what long years past they have pointed out holes in their neighbours' dresses and mud on their flounces! 'Here's a go! I've lost my diamond ring.' As the dustman utters this pathetic cry, and looks at his hand, you burst out laughing. These are among the little points of humour. One could indicate hundreds of such as one turns over the pleasant pages.

"There is a little snob or gent, whom we all of us know, who wears little tufts on his little chin, outrageous pins and pantaloons, smokes cigars on tobacconists' counters, sucks his cane in the streets, struts about with Mrs. Snob and the baby (the latter an immense woman whom Snob nevertheless bullies), who is a favourite abomination of Leech, and pursued by that savage humourist into a thousand of his haunts. There he is, choosing waistcoats at the tailor's—such waistcoats! Yonder he is giving a shilling to the sweeper who calls him 'capting'; now he is offering a paletot to a huge giant who is going out in the rain. They don't know their own pictures, very likely; if they did, they would have a meeting, and thirty or forty of them would be deputed to thrash Mr. Leech. One feels a pity for the poor little bucks. . . ."

"Just one word to point out to the unwary specially to note the backgrounds of landscapes in Leech's drawings—homely drawings of moor and wood and seashore and London street—the scenes of his little dramas. They are as excellently true to nature as the actors themselves; our respect for the genius and humour which invented both increases as we look and look again at the designs. May we have more of them; more pleasant Christmas volumes, over which we and our children can laugh together! Can we have too much of truth, and fun, and beauty, and kindness?"

One might almost suppose that the hint thus thrown out by the great novelist, at the conclusion of this splendid eulogium of the artistic capabilities of LEECH, was acted upon, for a few years afterwards (1858) a second series of these *Pictures of Life and Character* was issued, and a third two years later, in which, at intervals, appeared those wonderfully funny drawings of *Mr. Briggs and His Doings*, which were eventually published in separate form.

In 1858, LEECH refreshed himself with a tour in Ireland, and took with him as travelling companion his old friend, the Rev. REYNOLDS HOLE, afterwards Canon of Lincoln. The result of this trip was the publication, in 1859, of a volume entitled, *A Little Tour in Ireland, being a Visit to Dublin, Limerick, Killarney, Cork, &c. By an Oxonian*. The Oxonian was Mr. HOLE himself, who, at the artist's suggestion, wrote his impressions, and LEECH contributed the illustrations, which took the form of coloured folding plates and numerous woodcuts.

When I have included those amusing and clever coloured etchings that appeared, year by year, in *Punch's Pocket-Book*, the woodcut illustrations to *Once a Week* and the *Illustrated London News*, I shall have enumerated most, if not all, of the

artist's most important productions. Although the number of his book illustrations falls far short of that by the renowned GEORGE CRUIKSHANK (whose artistic career was spread over a period twice the length of LEECH's), and "Phiz," it must be remembered that LEECH devoted the greater portion of his time to the interests of *Punch*, to which he contributed some thousands of drawings, besides frequent literary compositions.

There must be connected with the career of such an artist and such a man incidents which cannot fail to interest, and one is naturally curious to learn something of the private "life and character" of him who has amused us for so many years.

Unlike his *confrère* in art, "Phiz" (who led the life of a semi-recluse), he mixed in society, and *good* society too. He made friends wherever he went, for who could fail to love and reverence the man, apart from his own estimable character, whose abilities had done so much to counteract the monotony of our existence by giving us, week after week, food for hearty and honest laughter? As a boy he gained by his good temper and winning manner the affection of his schoolfellows; as a student in St. Bartholomew's his society was coveted by all with whom he studied; as an artist, he induced a feeling of love and friendship for himself in the breasts of noble and gifted men with whom he came in contact. Among the latter may be included such men as MILLAIS, ELMORE, LANDSEER, and BOEHM, the popular Royal Academicians, CHARLES DICKENS, and his old schoolfellow THACKERAY, and, of course, MARK LEMON and his coadjutors in *Punch*.

JOHN LEECH was tall, strongly but delicately made, graceful, long-limbed, with a grave, handsome face, a sensitive, gentle mouth—but a mouth that could be "set,"—deep, penetrating eyes, an open, high, and broad forehead, finely modelled. He looked like his works—nimble, vigorous, and gentle; open, and yet reserved; seeing everything, saying not much; capable of heartiest mirth, but generally quiet. His friend Canon HOLE describes him as possessing "a slim, elegant figure, over six feet in height, with a grand head, on which Nature had written 'Gentleman,' with wonderful genius on his ample forehead, wonderful penetration, observation, humour in his blue-grey Irish eyes, and wonderful sweetness, sympathy, and mirth about

his lips, which seemed to speak in silence. He was, as we gardeners have it, 'rather short of foliage;' and a vacant space at the back of his head no doubt suggested his charming sketch of the *enfant terrible*, climbing up the visitor's chair, and proclaiming to his mamma that 'Mr. Boker has got a double forehead!'" CHARLES DICKENS, in a whimsical account of an amateur strolling excursion, in which CRUIKSHANK, LEECH, MARK LEMON, JOHN FORSTER, and the author himself took part, puts into the mouth of Mrs. Gamp the following description of the artist:—

"If you'll believe me, Mrs. Harris, I turns my head, and see the wery man (George Cruikshank) a-making pictures of me on his thumb-nail, at the winder! while another of 'em—a *tall, slim, melancolly gent, with dark hair and a bage vice*—looks over his shoulder, with his head o' one side as if he understood the subject, and cooly says, "I've draw'd her several times—in *Punch*," he says, too! The owdacious wretch!"

"Which I never touches, Mr. Wilson," I remarks out loud—I couldn't have helped it, Mrs. Harris, if you had took my life for it!—"which I never touches, Mr. Wilson, on account of the lemon!"

LEECH was singularly modest, both as a man and an artist. This came by nature, and was indicative of the harmony and sweetness of his existence; but, doubtless, the perpetual going to Nature, and drawing out of her fulness, kept him humble as well as made him rich, made him, what every man of sense and power must be, conscious of his own strength; but before the great mother he was simple and loving, attentive to her lessons as a child, for ever learning and doing.

He was an ardent angler and a good horseman, fond of studying as well as sharing in athletic sports, and, although not blessed with a remarkably strong physique, sustained by his energetic and nervous temperament a great deal of fatigue. As previously stated, when a student in St. Bartholomew's he frequently joined a fellow-student in nightly escapades through and about London on horseback, and would often, in after years, follow the hounds, his presence at the "Pytechley" being a recognised thing. It is said of him, that, notwithstanding his intimate knowledge of every detail of the huntsman's dress, even to the number of buttons on his coat, he invariably presented, in the hunting-field, an incongruous appearance with regard to his outfit. Either he would wear the wrong kind of boots, or would dispense with some detail which would be considered an unpar-

donable omission on the part of an enthusiast. This want of exactness in his attire is accounted for by his friends as an instance of his retiring disposition and unwillingness for prominence as a huntsman, well knowing his deficiencies in rough-riding, which resulted from nervousness. His sensitiveness to criticism thus prevented him from incurring it.

JOHN LEECH's consideration for others was patent wherever he went. The gentleness of his nature, too, was remarkable, as his steady abstinence from personality abundantly proves. His correspondence was large, and a perusal of it only shows how careful he must have been to have shunned the many traps that were laid for him to make him a partisan in personal quarrels. Some of the most wonderful suggestions were forwarded to him, but he had a most keen scent for everything in the shape of personality. He would sometimes boast of this, and often regretted the only exception he ever made to this determination. It took the form, as a *Punch* cartoon, of a sharp rebuke given to the old Duke of ATHOLL, who had forfeited the respect of the public by refusing to open his grounds to sightseers. In this cartoon, published in 1850, the Duke is represented as a dog in a manger, savage and glaring, while underneath is the inscription—"A Scotch Dog in the Manger." This was followed in the succeeding number by another cartoon representing a "scene from the burlesque recently performed at Glen Tilt:"—

"These are Clan Atholl warriors true,
And, Saxons, I'm the reg'lar Doo."

Shortly after the publication of these cartoons, LEECH was touring on foot and alone in the neighbourhood of the Duke's estate, in close proximity to "the unprofaned heather of Glen Tilt, sacred to dukes and deer," when he met a gentleman on horseback attended by his groom, also mounted. LEECH was accosted by the former, who proved to be the Duke himself, who exclaimed—"Is it possible that I now behold JOHN LEECH?" With considerable hesitation an affirmative reply was given, and the artist, fearing some severe reproof for his recent pictorial rebuke, timidly began to explain that, owing to the lateness of the hour, he intended to stay one night at the principal inn in the village. To this, however, the Duke would not agree, but immediately ordered his groom to dismount and assist LEECH

into the saddle, and compelled the artist to return with him and accept his hospitality. LEECH was dumbfounded by this, as he thought, undeserved generosity, and the invitation being renewed with still greater warmth, he accepted it, and they proceeded on their way to the mansion. Arriving at a narrow and somewhat dangerous path skirting a precipice, the artist held back, and the Duke, observing this delay, gruffly ordered him to advance. "Now," thought LEECH, "he will have his revenge!" and having reached the spot where the Duke awaited him, the latter, in a spirit of fun, and wishing to aggravate these nervous symptoms, fiercely demanded if he was not the man who had recently maligned him in *Punch*. Poor LEECH felt confused, and, glancing at the giddy depths below him, a vision of his dear wife and children passed before his sight. The Duke saw at once the effect of his austerity, which extorted from the trembling artist a full confession. "Your Grace," said he, "there are few amongst us who have not committed some act during their lives which they for ever regret. I admit the fault, and have ever since grieved to think that I so far forgot myself as to give you the slightest pain." The Duke, having enjoyed his joke against his guest, and forgiven him, they proceeded on their way, and upon arriving at the Hall they dismounted, and directions were given to prepare dinner. In the meantime LEECH was shown into a dressing-room, and having completed his toilet, awaited the announcement of the meal. When two hours had elapsed, and he began to feel cold and hungry, it occurred to him that either his room was so remote that the sound of the gong could not reach him, or that he was purposely kept a prisoner by his revengeful host; so he ventured timidly to ring the bell, which was presently answered by a pompous servant in livery. "I am afraid," said LEECH, "that I did not hear the gong. Is dinner ready?" "Sir," said the servant, drawing himself up haughtily, "when dinner is ready you *will* hear the gong," and disappeared. Another hour elapsed, but still no sound. At length, getting impatient, he again rang the bell, and, the servant re-appearing, the same inquiry was made, and the same reply given. At ten o'clock, however, came the welcome sound like music to the ears of the famished guest, to whom, on his appearance at table, a full explanation of the unreasonable

delay was given by the noble host, whose custom it was, on his return from a day's hunting, to enjoy a nap undisturbed, which on this occasion was of unusual duration. Everything passed off well, and next day LEECH, with a lighter heart, proceeded on his journey, breathing more freely than he had done for many hours.—The artist related this anecdote of himself at a dinner given by his friend Mr. J. E. MILLAIS, who, in company with his other guests—amongst whom were Sir E. LANDSEER, W. M. THACKERAY, and Mr. J. E. BOEHM, the sculptor—enjoyed the exquisite manner in which it was told. His wonderful power of facial expression in representing the severity of the Duke's manner and his own timidity, provoked great laughter, but produced in the narrator nothing more than an occasional grave smile which gradually spread over and enlivened his handsome face.

After having been on *Punch* some little time, and his income having improved, he determined to migrate from an attic near Tottenham Court Road, where he then lived, into a house of his own at Notting Hill. Shortly after this he married. It is related that he first saw Mrs. LEECH, then Miss ANN EATON, walking in London, and, following her home, noted the number of the house, looked out the name, obtained an introduction, and married the lady. She was one of those English beauties whom he loved to draw, a very pleasant and amiable person—a devoted mother and wife. No one was more amused than she when LEECH “had just seen the most fascinating creature, most probably a ‘female marquis,’ with whom he was devotedly in love, and who, he had occasion to believe, was not indifferent,” &c., &c., &c. He had two children, a boy and girl. The former, JOHN GEORGE WARRINGTON LEECH, was in a double sense his son, for he was the main warmth and brightness of his life. And how the child returned his love! His ambition was to resemble his father in appearance and dress, even to the baldness, and he wore a little coat of velvet made exactly like that in which his father worked, and, at the age of five, would stand before a miniature easel painting the engravings of the *Illustrated London News* with an air of profound interest. Even then he had, like his father in his childhood, a marvellous notion of drawing. He was eventually drowned at South Adelaide in 1876.





NATURE BEFORE ART.

LEECH's hospitality was very great, and it was extended with no idea that he had to discharge a social obligation, but with an evident pleasure of collecting round his table—at which the best taste presided—guests whose natures were most in accordance with his own. He aimed at no brilliance in conversation, and had always an extreme distaste of being *en évidence*, but no man could better discharge the graceful duties of a host, not merely in his capacity of giver of the feast, but in the equally important though often neglected office of promoting mental good cheer and evoking the social powers of his friends. Far too much of a gentleman to be a gourmand,—though he was wont to say that he felt as though he deserved a good dinner when he had done a hard day's work, and that as a matter of economy he was reluctantly compelled to eat and drink of the best lest he should injure his manipulation,—he seemed to think, nevertheless, that his guests were bound to be greedy, and that it was his duty to provide the material.

The late Mr. GEORGE HODDER, who, in 1848, was indebted to LEECH for a friendly intercession with the proprietors of *Bentley's Miscellany*, resulting in the publication in that periodical of a serial story by Mr. HODDER, illustrated by LEECH, thus wrote of the artist :—

“Among the many little domestic gatherings to which the meetings of the *Punch* contributors gave rise, none were more agreeable or more memorable than the dinner-parties at John Leech's house, first at Powis Place, and afterwards at Notting Hill and Kensington. In one notable instance within my recollection Leech had invited some ten or more gentlemen, consisting chiefly of his fellow-labourers in the establishment of *Punch*, to dine with him in Powis Place, and he had engaged for the occasion the services of an extra attendant whose ordinary occupation was not that of the traditional ‘green-grocer,’ but that of the parish clerk. The guests were assembled in the drawing-room, *selon le règle*, preparatory to the banquet, and it was at length observed that there was an unusual delay in announcing the dinner. This was all the more noticeable because John Leech's household arrangements were generally conducted upon the best principles of order and regularity, and the guests were one and all in such high intellectual vigour, and so well prepared to enjoy ‘the feast of reason and the flow of soul,’ that they began to fear they should exhaust their stock of mental ammunition in a succession of skirmishes before the evening's war began. Whether the parish clerk had disconcerted the cook by the solemnity of his presence, or whether the latter, being of a serious turn of mind, was afflicted with a tender sensation which upset her culinary calculations, it was never clearly ascertained, but there could be little doubt that there was something not quite right between the kitchen and the dining-room. After a somewhat significant pause, however, a solemn figure, attired in black, and wearing a white neckerchief of most orthodox character and proportions (in a clerical point of view), appeared in the room, and in a style of elocution which would have well befitted his calling in the church,

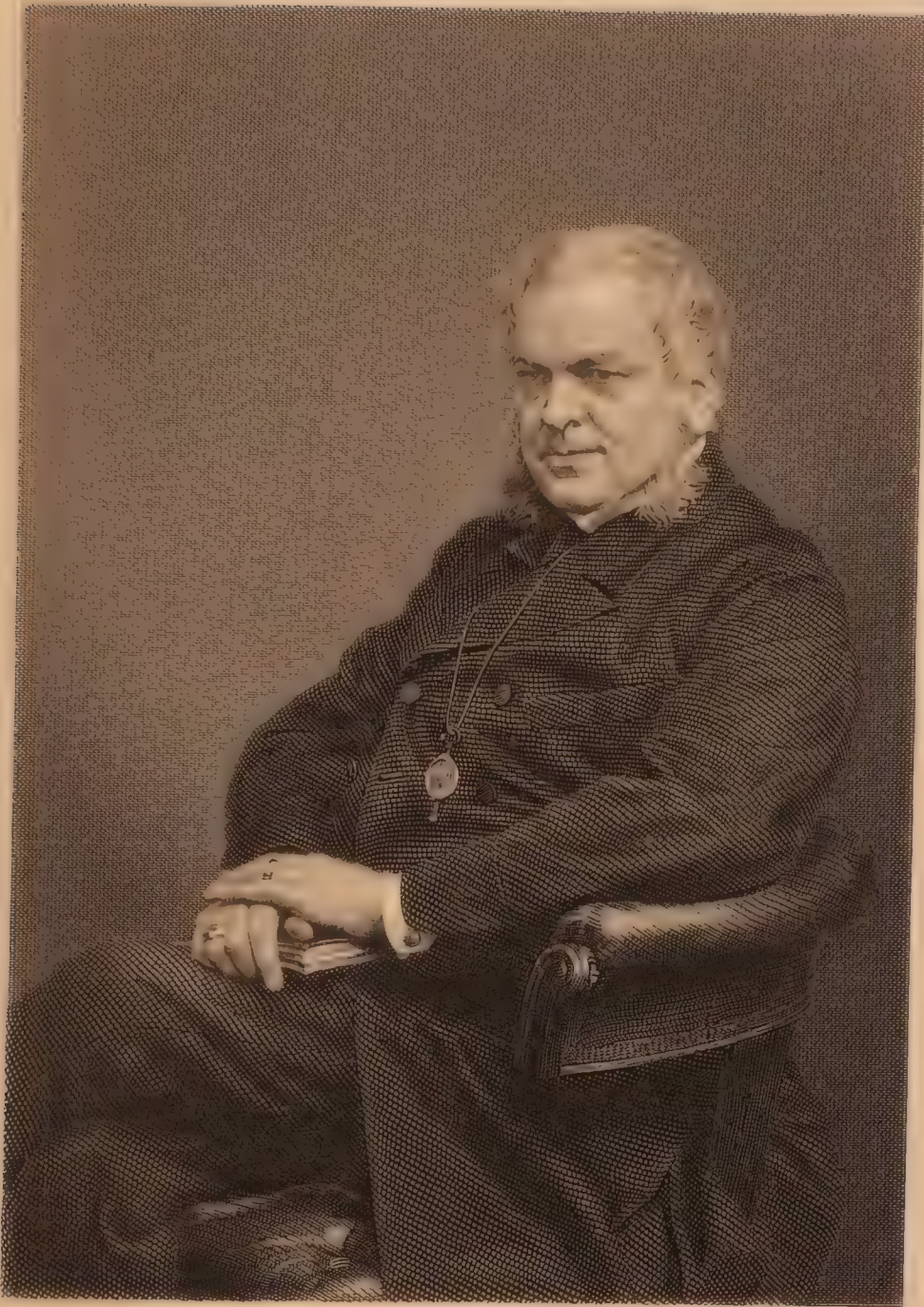
gave the welcome announcement, 'The dinner is on the table.' 'Amen!' cried the assembled guests with corresponding solemnity, and one and all descended to the dining-room, tittering at the comically doleful manner in which so important a preliminary to an enlivening entertainment had been carried into effect."

JOHN LEECH possessed among his many excellent qualities that of a fine bass voice, and the gentlemen of the *Punch* conclave well remember how often in the midst of their rejoicings he diverted their thoughts from the humorous to matters of more serious moment by singing "Barry Cornwall's" song, "King Death was a rare old fellow." On one occasion, when he had sung this song with more than his usual vigour, DOUGLAS JERROLD exclaimed, "I say, LEECH, if you had the same opportunity of exercising your voice as you have of using your pencil how it would *draw*!"

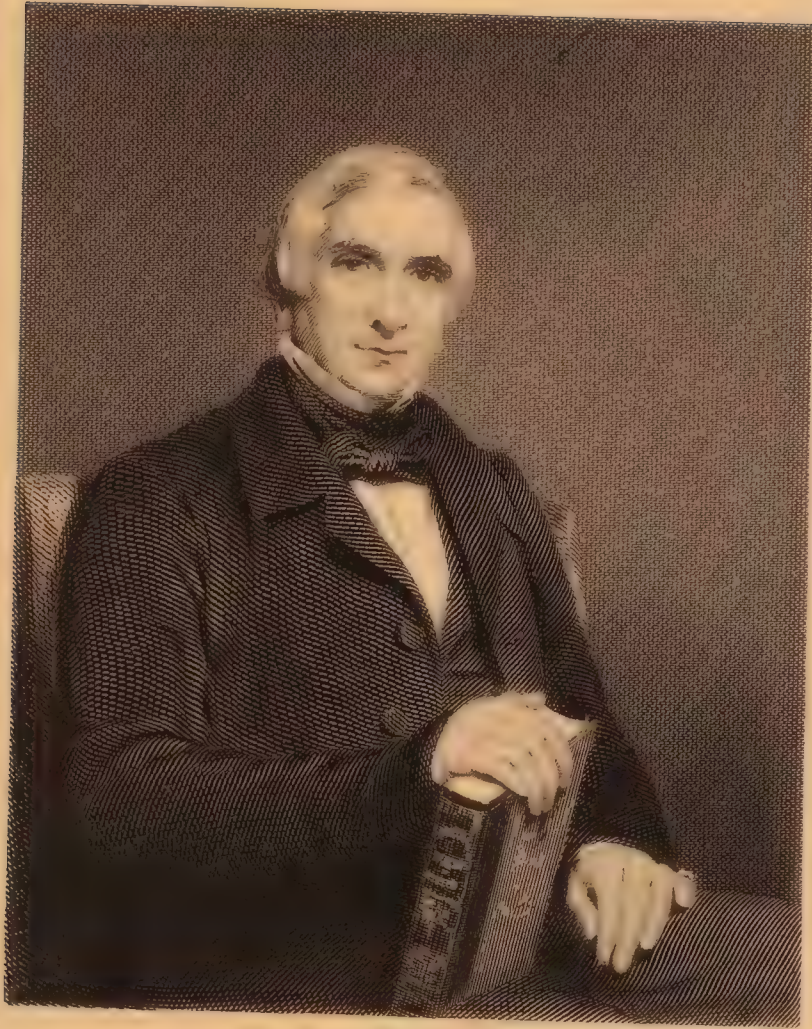
DICKENS, as we have remarked, was a constant admirer of the genius of LEECH, whom he numbered with his best friends. In 1845 the artist took part in an amateur theatrical performance instituted by DICKENS. Miss KELLY's Theatre (afterwards the "Royalty") was lent for the occasion, and the piece chosen was "Every Man in his Humour," LEECH playing the part of Master Matthew. DOUGLAS JERROLD, GILBERT A'BECKETT, MARK LEMON, and JOHN FORSTER also took part in the performance, the success of which exceeded all expectations; causing such a sensation in private circles that little else was talked of.

In 1848 Mr. and Mrs. LEECH stayed with DICKENS as his guest at Broadstairs, and in the following year at Brighton, where their landlord and his daughter went raving mad, and the lodgers were driven to seek shelter elsewhere. DICKENS humorously described, in a letter to his biographer, the excitement caused by this occurrence, "how LEECH and he flew to the doctor's rescue, and their wives pulling them back; how the M.D. fainted with fear; how three other M.D.'s came to his aid; with an atmosphere of Mrs. Gamps, strait-waistcoats, struggling friends and servants, surrounding the whole."

In 1849, while on a visit to DICKENS at Bonchurch, LEECH met with an accident when bathing. He was knocked over by a bad blow on the forehead from a great wave, which stunned and bruised him. He was put to bed, and had "twenty of his namesakes on his temples." The next day he became worse and suffered from congestion of the brain, and, being in excessive



Von Taus V
W. Taus Forsker





“The good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever-friendly, noble Dickens,—every inch of him an Honest Man.”—*Carlyle*.

pain, ice was put to his head continuously, and he was bled in the arms besides. A day or two after this, DICKENS, who was kindly attentive to his friend during his illness in sitting up all night with him, thus writes to FORSTER:—"My plans are all unsettled by LEECH's illness, as of course I do not like to leave this place while I can be of any service to him and his good little wife. Ever since I wrote to you he has been seriously worse, and again very heavily bled. The night before last he was in such an alarming state of restlessness, which nothing could relieve, that I proposed to Mrs. LEECH to try magnetism. Accordingly in the middle of the night I fell to, and, after a very fatiguing bout of it, put him to sleep for an hour and thirty-five minutes. A change came on in the sleep, and he is decidedly better. I talked to the astounded little Mrs. LEECH across him, when he was asleep, as if he had been a truss of hay." From that day LEECH slowly recovered.

In 1854 Mr. and Mrs. LEECH again visited DICKENS when staying at Boulogne. The artist said to his friend on his arrival there after a stormy passage, that, when he stepped from the boat, he was received by the congregated spectators with a distinct round of applause as by far the most intensely and unutterably miserable-looking object that had yet appeared. The laughter was tumultuous, and, as he expressed it, he wished his friends to know that he made an immense hit. In 1859 he accompanied his friend Canon HOLE on a tour through Ireland, and they made notes and sketches of every striking incident and picturesque effect that came before their notice. Canon HOLE thus pleasantly describes the holiday:—

"Ah me, how happy we were! Looking from the steamer at the calm phosphorescent waves (so thankful they were calm, for we were miserable mariners), or gliding along the rails, or riding in cars, or rowing in boats, listening to quaint carmen, oarsmen, and guides, talking and laughing in genial converse with each other, or silent in serene fruition of the exquisite scenery around—silent in perfect sympathy, one of the surest signs and one of the purest delights of a true friendship! But in all our easy and placid enjoyment Leech never forgot his art. There was constantly a lovely bit of expression upon the face of Nature, animate or inanimate, or there was something which he had never been able to get quite right, or something which he wanted for a special purpose, or which could not fail to be useful, or which would illustrate our tour. Of course, I was intensely curious upon the latter point; but the memoranda which he made from time to time, as we agreed that this or that was worthy of delineation, were not instructive. Just a few lines, and dots, and curves. All that he wanted was there, none the less, and all the truth, as surely as in shorthand notes. Nothing absurd,

abnormal, incongruous, in any way ridiculous, ever escaped him, I need hardly say; and a touch of his elbow, or a turn of his thumb, drew my attention continually to something amusing in the aspect or the remarks of those about us, at the *table d'hôte*, on the steamer, or the public car, which else in my obtuseness I had never relished. On rare, very rare, occasions it was my privilege to tell or to show him something which took his fancy, and he would say, in a tone which told you at once that he really thought he was asking you a favour, 'May I make use of that?' Then would I draw myself up as a monarch upon his throne, and, extending my arms in royal clemency, would make reply, 'You may.'"

Thus passed the pleasant days of that *Little Tour in Ireland* which his truthful, charming sketches afterwards made so justly popular. These illustrations were not numerous, but with them, as with all his work, he took anxious pains. He went a second time over the Channel, and across Ireland to Galway, that he might finish to his satisfaction that wonderful picture of the Claddagh which makes the frontispiece of the book.

JOHN LEECH was a faithful attendant at the weekly council dinner, at which were discussed the topics to be treated in *Punch*. These he thoroughly enjoyed; and his suggestions, not merely as to pictorial matters, but generally, were among the most valuable that were offered, as may be inferred from his large knowledge of the world, his keen sense of the ludicrous, and his hatred of injustice or cruelty. His happy instinct often solved a troublous problem, or added new force to the projectile that was being forged. Even at these meetings, where a number of men of independent opinions, and united, on those occasions at least, chiefly in a representative sense, use some plainness of speech, JOHN LEECH was never provoked into angry discussion, and no word dropped by him ever rankled in the mind of a colleague. This is something to say when speaking of more than twenty years of the little parliament.

GEORGE HODDER tells us that:—

"In these *Punch* times it was the habit of Albert Smith to call him (Leech) familiarly and brusquely 'Jack,' while his still more intimate friend, Percival Leigh, addressed him as 'John' or 'Leech,' and this was so repugnant to Jerrold's tastes and feelings, that he at length exploded with the following pertinent query: 'Leech, how long is it necessary for a man to know you before he can call you "Jack?"' No reply; but, if my recollection serves me, 'Jack' was sounded in our ears much less frequently on subsequent occasions."

The same writer also relates the following incidents:—

"The leading members of the club were anxious, at a particular period, which I cannot call to mind with sufficient accuracy to be relied upon, to insure on a given evening an exceptionally large attendance; and I, as the

honorary secretary, addressed a letter to John Leech, amongst others, requesting his presence. In reply he sent me the following note, with no signature; but in its stead a grotesque figure, such as my artistic skill is just advanced enough to enable me to copy:—

“‘ Powis Place. ’

“‘ MY DEAR GEORGE,

“‘ I have an appointment with Sir Robert Peel* to-morrow at about three o'clock; but I daresay I shall be able to get away in time to join you at the dinner. Indeed, I may say I *will* come.

“‘ Yours faithfully,



“‘ G. Hodder, Esq., S.R.P.C.’ ”

“ John Leech used to tell an amusing anecdote of Sir Henry Webb, whose tall military figure and aristocratic head were at one time as familiar in the stalls of the theatre, especially on ‘first nights,’ as were the rubicund countenances of Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence and the late Sir George Wombwell in the omnibus-box at the Italian Opera House, in the Haymarket. Some one had informed Sir Henry that a terrible murder had just taken place in the metropolis, and that the culprit had not yet been apprehended. Sir Henry appeared, or affected to be, deeply interested in the matter, and at once proceeded to make inquiries, his deep, heavy voice giving due solemnity to the questions he put. ‘Dear me! another murder?’ he exclaimed; ‘and what sort of murder?’ Answer—‘A poor girl shot by her sweetheart!’ ‘Dear me! dear me!’ said the distressed gentleman. ‘Girl shot by her sweetheart. Dreadful! dreadful! And when did it take place?’ Answer—‘Yesterday morning.’ Sir Henry—‘God bless me! Yesterday morning! Is it possible?’ Answer—‘True; the girl was murdered yesterday morning, and by a fellow who was supposed to be her lover.’ Sir Henry—‘Dear me! dear me! very shocking indeed! And at what time yesterday morning?’ Answer—‘Between six and seven o’clock.’ Sir Henry—‘Gracious goodness! Between six and seven o’clock! What an early hour! Very awful! very awful! And what was the cause of the murder?’ Answer—‘Jealousy.’ Sir Henry—‘Jealousy! Heaven defend us! Horrible indeed! Jealousy! And what was the girl’s name?’ Answer—‘Martha Jones.’ Sir Henry—‘Dear me! dear me! Martha Jones! More and more shocking! And the murderer, what was his name?’ Answer—‘Philip Brown.’ Sir Henry—‘Philip Brown! God bless me! Philip Brown! this is bad indeed! Well, well, well! Martha Jones shot by Philip Brown! And where was the murder committed?’ Answer—‘In Rosamond Street, Clerkenwell.’ Sir Henry—‘Great heavens! In Rosamond Street, Clerkenwell! *Then we must bear it as well as we can!*’ The locality was too much for his weak nerves; but Sir Henry partook of a grand supper immediately afterwards, and on the following morning he had forgotten all about poor Martha Jones and Rosamond Street, Clerkenwell.”

As to LEECH’S method of practising his art, all his friends knew the never-failing little note-book, which contained wealth of sketches, of expressive bits of composition, effect, and humour, such as the artist met in his walks and visits. Did an odd or

* This was intended as a jest, of course. Sir Robert Peel was then Prime Minister.

characteristic face pass him by, out would come the little book as soon as he was unobserved, and its pages recorded the impression of the observer with extraordinary facility and felicity. To this practice, doubtless, the artist owed his wonderful success. A writer in *Notes and Queries* relates how LEECH and he were once riding to town together in an omnibus, when an elderly gentleman, in a very peculiar dress, and with very marked features, stepped into the vehicle, and sat down immediately in front of them. They were the only passengers. The new arrival stared so hard and made such a wry face at his fellow-travellers that they could hardly refrain from laughter. LEECH suddenly exclaimed to his companion, "By the way, did 'Prendergast' ever show you that extraordinary account which has been lately forwarded to him?" and, producing his note-book, added, "Just run your eye up that column and tell me what you can make of it." The page was *blank*; but two minutes afterwards the features of that strange old gentleman gaping at us were reflected with lifelike fidelity upon it.

On another occasion he was seen to strike off with equal promptitude and skill the scene of a quarrel between some dirty little urchins in a suburban village. These and similar sketches served "to fill up," as he said, his more formal labours, and often suggested themes, or were used as occasion required, and the fertile memory of the artist brought them forth.

He was a singularly rapid and indefatigable worker. Canon HOLE says, when he was his guest, "I have known him send off from my house three finished drawings on the wood, designed, traced, and rectified, without much effort as it seemed, between breakfast and dinner." The best technical qualities of his art, his unerring precision, his unfailing vivacity in the use of the line, are seen most clearly in the first sketches for his woodcuts, and in the more finished drawings made on tracing-paper from these first outlines, before the chiaroscuro was added, and the designs were transcribed by the engraver.* Turning to the mental qualities of his art-work, it would be a mistaken criticism which ranked him as a comic draughtsman. Like HOGARTH he

* Had the blocks been carefully and thoughtfully engraved by one hand, and then been printed by the hand instead of the steam-press, justice would have been done to the *finesse* and beauty which his drawings showed *before* they were "cut away."

was a true humourist, a student of human life, though he observed humanity mainly in its whimsical aspects—

“Hitting all he saw with shafts,
With gentle satire, kin to charity,
That harmed not.”

Of all art-satirists none have such a pervading sense and power of girlish and ripe womanly beauty as LEECH. There is a genuine domesticity about his scenes that could only come from a man who was much at his own fireside. What he draws he has seen. What he asks you to live in and laugh at and with, he has laughed at and lived in.

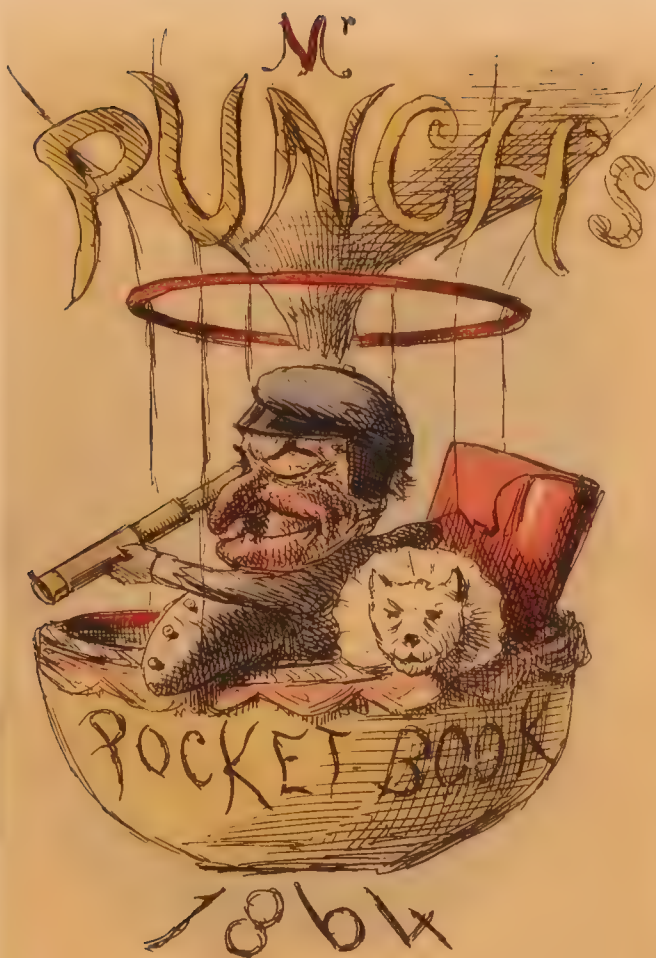
With all the temptations he had to club life, he never went to the Garrick to spend the evenings except on the Saturdays, which he never missed. On Sunday afternoons, in summer, THACKERAY and he might often be seen regaling themselves with their fellow-creatures in the Zoological Gardens, and making their own queer observations, to which, doubtless, we are indebted for our baby hippopotamus and many other four-footed jokes. He never would go to houses where he was asked only to be seen and trotted out. He had an instinctive dislike to personal publicity, even to seeing portraits of himself exposed in shop-windows, and often rejected the applications of photographic artists; but several admirable likenesses of him were executed, including one in water-colour by his friend Mr. J. E. MILLAIS, exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1855, and a statuette of considerable merit by the celebrated sculptor, Mr. J. E. BOEHM, R.A., also exhibited in the Academy.

The latter artist, who was intimately acquainted with LEECH, related to me the following incident in support of the fact that LEECH's desire to be an *historical painter* was paramount. One day the artists visited a gallery wherein was exhibited a picture of unusually large dimensions, by PILOTI, a Munich painter, in which was represented NERO contemplating the ruins of Rome, and standing, with folded arms, gazing upon the havoc he had made. This painting was not a great success, as the attitude of the Emperor was theatrical, and the colouring harsh and raw. LEECH, having examined the picture at some length, suddenly turned to his companion and exclaimed, “If I could only paint like that——” His friend laughed at the supposed sarcasm, but

to his astonishment LEECH meant it seriously, and showed in his face how pained he was at his friend's levity and want of appreciation.

In 1862, our artist appealed to the public with a very successful exhibition, in the Egyptian Hall, of "Sketches in Oil," the subjects of which were reproduced from the most remarkable of his *Punch* drawings. The origin of these sketches is curious. LEECH had often been asked to undertake works of this character, but he had for so many years been accustomed to draw with the pencil, and that only on small blocks, that he had little confidence in his ability to draw on a large scale. The idea originated with Mr. MARK LEMON, his friend and colleague, who saw that by a new invention—a beautiful piece of machinery—the impression of a block in *Punch*, being first taken on a sheet of indiarubber, was enlarged; when, by a lithographic process, the copy thus obtained could be transferred to the stone, and impressions printed on a large sheet of canvas. Having thus obtained an outline groundwork consisting of his own lines enlarged some eight times the area of the original block, LEECH proceeded to colour these. His knowledge of the manipulation of oil-colours was very slight, and it was under the guidance of his friend, Mr. MILLAIS, that his first attempts were made, and crude enough they were. He used a kind of transparent colour which allowed the coarse lines of the enlargement to show through, so that the production presented the appearance of indifferent lithographs, slightly tinted. In a short time, however, he obtained great mastery over oil-colour, and instead of allowing the thick fatty lines of printers'-ink to remain on the canvas, he, by the use of turpentine, removed the ink, particularly with regard to the lines of the face and figure. These he re-drew with his own hand in a fine and delicate manner, and added a daintiness of finish, particularly in flesh colour, which greatly enhanced the value and beauty of his later works. He, nevertheless, had some difficulty in reproducing in these enlargements that delicacy of touch and exactness in drawing which were conspicuous in the originals, and would labour all day at a detail, such as a hand in a certain position, before satisfying himself. A friend who was present during one of these difficulties recounted to me how LEECH refused the offer he







made him to pose as a model, as he said it would increase rather than lessen the difficulty. It is remarkable that LEECH for this reason never *studied* from the living model, a fact rendered more interesting as a coincidence, for "Phiz" experienced similar difficulties, and offered similar objections.

These oil sketches, when completed and on exhibition, afforded the public the first opportunity of being brought face to face with the actual work of LEECH's hand. They gave the artist greater scope than usual for the development of that strong feeling for the picturesque which those who have summed up LEECH's claim to the title of artist must certainly (even from a study from his small drawings) have put to his credit.

As is well known, this exhibition took London captive. It was the most extraordinary record, by drawing, of the manners and customs and dress of a people ever produced. It was filled "from morn till dewy eve," and always full of mirth; at times, indeed, like a theatre where all are convulsed with laughter by the *vis comica* of one man. The guffaws of special, often family groups, broke out opposite each drawing, spread contagiously effervescing throughout, welling and waxing again and again like waves of the sea. From his reserve, pride, and nicety, LEECH could never be induced to go when any one was in the room, having an especial horror of being what he called "caught and talked at by enthusiastic people."

One day a sporting nobleman visited the gallery with his huntsman, whose naïve and knowing criticisms greatly amused his master. At last, coming to one of LEECH's favourite hunting pictures, he said, "Ah! my lord, nothin' but a party as knows 'osses cud have draw'd them 'ere 'unters."

As an instance of LEECH's honesty and modesty, nothing could induce him to do what was wanted, call them *paintings*! "They are mere sketches," he said, "and very crude sketches too, and I have no wish to be made a laughing-stock by calling them what they are not." He went further than this, in having printed in the catalogue the following words:—"These sketches have no claim to be regarded or tested as finished pictures. It is impossible for any one to know the fact better than I do. They have no pretensions to a higher name than that I have given them—*Sketches in Oil*."

THACKERAY again lent his valuable aid in support of his friend's talents, and wrote an article in the *Times* (June 21, 1862) relative to this exhibition, which rendered it still more popular, and so delighted LEECH that he rejoiced like a child, and said, "That's like putting £1,000 in my pocket."

The author of *Vanity Fair* thus wrote:—

"The outdoor sketcher will not fail to remark the excellent fidelity with which Mr. Leech draws the backgrounds of his little pictures. The homely landscape, the sea, the winter wood by which the huntsmen ride, the light and clouds, the birds floating overhead, are indicated by a few strokes which show the artists untiring watchfulness and love of Nature. He is a natural truth-teller, as Hogarth was before him, and indulges in as many flights of fancy. He speaks his mind out quite honestly, like a thorough Briton. He loves horses, dogs, river and field sports. He loves home and children—that you can see. He holds Frenchmen in light esteem. A bloated 'Mosoo' walking Leicester Square, with a huge cigar and a little hat, with 'billard' and 'estaminet' written on his flaccid face, is a favourite study with him; the unshaven jowl, the waist tied with a string, the boots which pad the Quadrant pavement, this dingy and disreputable being exercises a fascination over Mr. Punch's favourite artist. We trace, too, in his work a prejudice against the Hebrew nation, against the natives of an island much celebrated for its verdure and its wrongs; these are lamentable prejudices indeed, but what man is without his own? No man has ever depicted the little 'snob' with such a delightful touch. Leech fondles and dandles this creature as he does the children. To remember one or two of these dear gents is to laugh. To watch them looking at their own portraits in this pleasant gallery will be no small part of the exhibition; and as we can all go and see our neighbours caricatured here, it is just possible that our neighbours may find some smart likenesses of *their* neighbours in these brilliant, lifelike, good-natured sketches in oil."

The exhibition was such a splendid success that it is said to have brought in nearly £5,000.

LEECH had a melancholy in his nature, especially in his latter years, when the strain of incessant production made his fine organisation supersensitive and apprehensive of coming evil. Lord Ossington, then Speaker, once met LEECH on the rail, and expressed to him the hope that he enjoyed in his work some of the gratification which it brought to others. The answer was, "I seem to myself to be a man who has undertaken to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours." "Work, work, work" (as his friend Hood sang), new projects, new applications, daily! The brain busy when the hand was unoccupied; the mind abstracted and employed when the man was supposed to be taking holiday—even when at his meals. He began frequently to complain of habitual weariness and sleeplessness, and was advised to rest and try change of air. In 1862 he acted



PUNCH.

upon this suggestion, and, accompanied by his old friend MARK LEMON, proceeded on a short tour to Paris, and from thence to Biarritz.

"That Leech's pencil was not idle on this holiday," says Shirley Brooks, "two well-known pictures will testify. One of them is a general view of that now-famous watering-place, with specimens of some of its curious frequenters. The other is a very remarkable drawing. It represents a bull-fight as seen by a decent Christian gentleman, and, for the first time since the 'brutal fray' was invented, the cold-blooded barbarity and stupidity of the show is depicted without any of the flash and flattery with which it has pleased artists to treat the atrocious scene. That grim indictment of a nation professing to be civilised will be on record for many a day after the offence shall have ceased.

"This brief visit," continues Mr. Brooks, "to the Continent was his last but one. His strength did not increase, and he no longer found pleasure in hunting, of which he had been exceedingly fond, and later he discontinued riding on horseback. He was then not merely advised but ordered to travel. About this time the great man who had been to him as a brother, the school-mate of his boyhood, the chief friend of his manhood, Thackeray, died. He told Millais of his presentiment, that he also should die suddenly and soon. In the summer of 1864 he went to Hamburg, accompanied by his friend Alfred Elmore; and afterwards he sojourned at Schwalbach. His mind was amused if his body was not strengthened by these visits to new scenery, and his sketch-book was soon filled with memorials, some of which he embodied in his last large *Punch* engraving—a view of the place where the residents at Schwalbach meet to drink the waters, and with figures of illustrious political people.

"Soon after his return he resolved to try what pure fresh English air would do for him, and, accompanied by his family, he went to Whitby. Several friends were also staying there at the same time, and he wrote to London that he liked the place. In September, on his writing to me that he would prolong his stay if I and my wife would come down, we went, and remained at Whitby until he left it on the 3rd of October. The scenery round Whitby is varied, and some of it is exceedingly fine; and Leech, when we could induce him to leave the painting in oil, to which he devoted far too many hours, enjoyed the drives into the wild moors, and up and down the terrible but picturesque roads; and he was still more delighted with the rich woods, deep glades, and glorious views around Mulgrave Castle. I hoped that good was being done; but it was very hard to stir him from his pictures, of which he declared that he must finish a great number by Christmas. It was not for want of earnest and affectionate remonstrance, close by his side, nor for lack of such remonstrance being seconded by myself and others, that he persevered in over-labour at these paintings, which he had undertaken with his usual generosity, in order to enable himself to provide a very large sum of money for the benefit of his relatives, not of his own household. It need hardly be said that he was never pressed for work by his old friend the editor of *Punch*. His contributions to that periodical had not exceeded one half-page engraving each week, for a long time, until he volunteered to compose the large Schwalbach picture. Let me note another instance of his kindness, shown to utter strangers. A deputation from the Whitby Institute waited upon him to ask him to attend a meeting and to speak in promotion of the interests of the association. He was, on that day, too ill to bear an interview with more than one of the gentlemen, and was, of course, compelled to refuse their request. But it occurred to him that they might think his refusal ungracious (as I am sure they could not), and he sent for all his Sketches of Character from London, and presented them to the institute."

His incessant brainwork induced a peculiar irritability, with which most persons have a tendency to jest rather than sympathise. He was much affected by noise, and was literally driven from his house in Brunswick Square by street music. He removed to Kensington, where he hoped to obtain a release from this annoyance by adopting a device of double windows; but he had no peace, and, in addition to the torment of the organs, he came to be afflicted at early dawn by the hammer of a mechanic. His friends made light of it, and tried to jest with him. "You may laugh," he would say, "but I assure you it will kill me." He often introduced in the pages of *Punch* the barrel-organ nuisance, as in the instance of a cartoon entitled "Foreign Enlistment," in which he has represented some sturdy "grinders" as having "taken the shilling," and underneath is the sentence, "If we must have it (*i.e.*, foreign enlistment), for goodness' sake begin with the organ-men." Again, towards the close of 1843, he drew a picture with this legend:—"Wanted, by an aged lady, of a nervous temperament, a professor who will undertake to mesmerise all the organs in her street. Salary, so much per organ." Again, in a large folding coloured plate, in *The Follies of the Year*, entitled "The Quiet Street, a Sketch from a Study Window," he has introduced innumerable organs and German bands.—Looking at these designs, and knowing the artist's susceptibilities, we can fully comprehend what mental suffering he must have endured from such causes. It should here be stated that, at this time, Mr. Bass proposed to bring a bill into Parliament relating to street music. Amongst a number of letters which he received from various sources wishing him success was one from MARK LEMON, which follows:—

"Punch Office, 85, Fleet Street,
23rd May, 1864.

"SIR,

"I venture upon what might possibly be considered as impertinence, were not the subject of my note of public interest.

"I am so regularly interested in the success of your measure for the regulation of street music that I am desirous of strengthening your hands by putting you in possession of some facts within my knowledge. I formerly lived in Gordon Street, Gordon Square, but was compelled to quit London to escape the distressing consequences of street music, although Gordon Street was comparatively a quiet locality. A dear friend of mine, and one to whom the public has been indebted for more than twenty years for weekly supplies of innocent amusement, and whose name will find a place in the future history of art, has not been so fortunate. He lived in Brunswick Square, and remained there until the nervous system was so seriously affected by the continual disturbance to which he was subjected while at work, that he was compelled to abandon



a most desirable home, and seek a retreat at Kensington. After expending considerable sums to make his present residence convenient for his art-work—placing double windows to the front of his house, &c.—he is again driven from his home by the continual visitation of street-bands and organ-grinders. The effect upon his health—produced, upon my honour, by the causes I have named—is so serious that he is forbidden to take horse exercise, or indulge in fast walking, as a palpitation of the heart has been produced—a form of *angina pectoris*, I believe—and his friends are most anxiously concerned for his safety.

“He is ordered to Homburg, and I know that the expatriation will entail a loss of nearly £50 a week upon him just at present.

“I am sure I need not withhold from you the name of this poor gentleman. It is Mr. John Leech.

“If those gentlemen who laugh at complaints such as this letter contains were to know what are the natural penalties of constant brain-work, they would not encourage or defend such unnecessary inflictions as street music entails upon some of the benefactors of their age. Such men are the last to interfere with the enjoyments of their poorer fellow-labourers; but they claim to be allowed to pursue their callings in peace, and to have the comfort of their homes secured to them. All they ask is to have the same immunity from the annoyances of street music as the rest of the community have from dustmen’s bells, post-horns, and other unnecessary disturbances. The objection to street noises is not a matter of taste. It involves the progress of honest labour and the avoidance of great mental affliction.

“Apologising for the liberty I have taken,

“Believe me, yours faithfully,

“M. T. Bass, Esq., M.P.”

“MARK LEMON.

Upon LEECH’S return to his London home, in the autumn of 1864, although in better health, he was still strangely susceptible to noise, and spoke with more than his usual earnestness, with something even of passionate entreaty in his tones, about the sufferings which the street-organs gave him, and about the smallness of the sympathy which he received from people who have to work their brains in a mere routine.

Although the malady, known in English as breast-pang, from which he suffered, is a very dangerous one, and is said to destroy life by causing spasm of the heart; and although it was necessary to warn LEECH against all excitement—as riding, quick walking, and overwork—it was not supposed that he was in immediate danger; and if he could only find rest and freedom from anxiety, great hopes were entertained of his recovery. Notwithstanding that in his weak state of health he was easily upset, his generous disposition had let him undertake responsibilities which wore him down.

At last the brave heart broke. “Please God, Annie, I’ll make a fortune for us yet,” he said to his wife on the morning of the 29th of October, 1864; and, a few hours afterwards, that same

voice whispered into the same loving ear, "I am going." The last agony of that terrible breast-pang killed him, as he fell into his father's arms.

Four days before the end came he dined at the usual meeting of the *Punch* staff, and there stated—there was no need to tell it—that he was exceedingly ill. His voice was heard for the last time at that board. The day before his death he visited Dr. QUAIN, who assured him that his only chance was in rest; and on returning home he sent away the last note he ever wrote; it was in pencil, and addressed to his old friend Mr. FREDERICK EVANS. In this he mentioned his interview with the eminent medical man, and added that he hoped to complete a cut, for which a messenger was to be sent, but that he was not sure of being able to do so. The messenger was despatched in obedience to his desire, but returned empty-handed. A sketch and an incomplete but most graceful drawing on the wood, are left to show that he had been "in harness" to the last. Another note, received on the following day, and in another hand than his, was the first real warning that danger was apprehended; and it made friends hasten to Kensington, where the tidings, though saddening, were far from hopeless. In the parlour beside his hall were assembled some little girls, friends of his children, and one of those parties with which he loved to make children happy was in progress. He had been compelled to retire to bed, and sent down to his visitors a kind message of regret that he could not see them, and they left with the intention of calling the following day, little thinking that his course was nearly run.

A few hours before he fainted away he asked Mr. HUTCHINSON's permission to work at some drawing (probably that mentioned above)—an unfinished sketch of a lady and dog—but it was given him only on the express understanding that it would be an amusement to him. Three hours afterwards, no physician being near him—Dr. QUAIN being out of town, and his other medical friends having left him to rest—his pain returned to him, and in the anguish of it he died. His pain came to him almost while he was in the act of catering for our entertainment, and he who has done more than, perhaps, any of his contemporaries, not even excepting DICKENS (for no art of words can

in this respect keep pace with that of the pencil), to amuse the present generation, died in agonies which he said were too great to be endured. The news of his death rang through London with a dismal shock—for in what home was not JOHN LEECH an inmate? His personal friends were deeply grieved when they knew their loss, none more so than DICKENS himself, who, in a letter to FORSTER, a few days afterwards, said, "I have not done my number (*Our Mutual Friend*). This death of poor LEECH has put me out woefully."

The beautiful words used by THACKERAY in a letter to a friend who mourned the loss of a brother, and equally applicable here, could not be more fittingly quoted than at the close of this memoir:—

"The ghastly struggle over, who would pity any one who departs? It is the survivors one commiserates in the case of such a good, pious, tender-hearted man as he seemed, whom God Almighty has just called back to Himself. He appeared to me to have all the sweet domestic virtues which make the pang of parting only the more cruel to those who are left behind, but that loss—what a gain to him! A just man summoned by God, for what purpose can he go but to meet the Divine love and goodness? I never think about deploring such; and as you and I send for our children, meaning them only love and kindness, how much more *Pater Noster*?"

* * * * *

We end as we began, by being thankful for our gift of laughter, and for our makers of the same, for the pleasant joke, for the mirth that heals and heartens, and never wounds, that assuages and diverts. This, like all else, is a gift from the Supreme Giver—to be used and not abused—to be kept in its proper place, neither despised nor estimated and cultivated overmuch; for it has its perils as well as its pleasures, and it is not always, as in this case, on the side of truth and virtue, modesty and sense. If you wish to know from a master of the art what are the dangers of giving oneself too much up to the comic view of things, how it demoralises the whole man, read SYDNEY SMITH'S two lectures, in which there is something quite pathetic in the earnestness with which he speaks of the snares and degradations that mere wit, comicality, and waggery bring upon the best of men. We end with his concluding words:—

"I have talked of the *danger* of wit and humour: I do not mean by that to enter into commonplace declamation against faculties because they *are* dangerous—wit is dangerous, eloquence is dangerous, a talent for observation is dangerous, *everything* is dangerous that has efficacy and vigour for its characteristics; nothing is safe but mediocrity. The business is, in conducting the understanding well, to risk something; to aim at uniting things that are

commonly incompatible. The meaning of an extraordinary man is that he is *eight* men, not one man; that he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined. But when wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much *better* than witty, who loves honour, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion ten thousand times better than wit—wit is *then* a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness—teaching age, and care, and pain, to smile—extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. *Genuine and innocent wit and humour like this is surely the flavour of the mind! Man could direct his ways by plain reason and support his life by tasteless food, but God has given us wit, and flavour, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to 'charm his pained steps over the burning marle.'*”

* * * * *

The funeral of JOHN LEECH took place on the 4th of November. On the morning of the day previous an advertisement appeared in the daily papers, in which the friends of the deceased artist, who were desirous of being in attendance, were informed that the *cortége* would “leave his late residence, No. 6, The Terrace, Kensington, at noon, to-morrow, the 4th inst., arriving at the Kensal Green Cemetery at half-past one o'clock precisely.” So many of his personal friends were anxious to join the procession to the grave, that it was considered necessary to issue and present tickets to the favoured ones.

The morning of the 4th was a bright and cheerful one, as the sad *cortége* started on its melancholy journey. Many carriages and a larger concourse of mourning friends than is common on such occasions attended his body to the cemetery chapel, and, as they passed along, there was a marked and unusual manifestation of sympathy on the part of the tenants of the thoroughfares through which they proceeded. It was as if the latter knew that a great artistic genius had ceased to exist, and were deeply interested in the tribute which his friends and admirers were thus paying to his cherished memory. There was no mistaking the sentiment of those who lined the roads or thronged the paths up to the cemetery chapel. The hearse used on the occasion was the same that conveyed the remains of DOUGLAS JERROLD to the grave. When the service in the chapel was



Wm. Lloyd Garrison

PRINTED BY A. E.

concluded, the coffin (which bore on each side an escutcheon with the initials J. L.) was carried to its last resting-place, the pall-bearers being — MARK LEMON, SHIRLEY BROOKS, TOM TAYLOR, J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., HORACE MAYHEW, F. M. EVANS (BRADBURY and EVANS, of *Punch*), JOHN TENNIEL, F. C. BURNAND, SAMUEL LUCAS, and HENRY SILVER. These were followed by JOHN LEECH, the late artist's father, Dr. QUAIN, who attended him during his illness, CHARLES KEENE, GEORGE DU MAURIER, and many others all more or less associated with LEECH in his relation to *Punch*. Among the crowd were CHARLES DICKENS, W. H. RUSSELL, PERCIVAL LEIGH, EDMUND YATES, GERMAN REED, H. K. BROWNE ("Phiz"), W. P. FRITH, R.A., T. LANDSEER, GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, GODFREY TURNER, CRESWICK the tragedian, RICHARD DOYLE, MARCUS STONE, W. BRUNTON, GEORGE HODDER, J. PHILLIP, R.A., &c., &c.

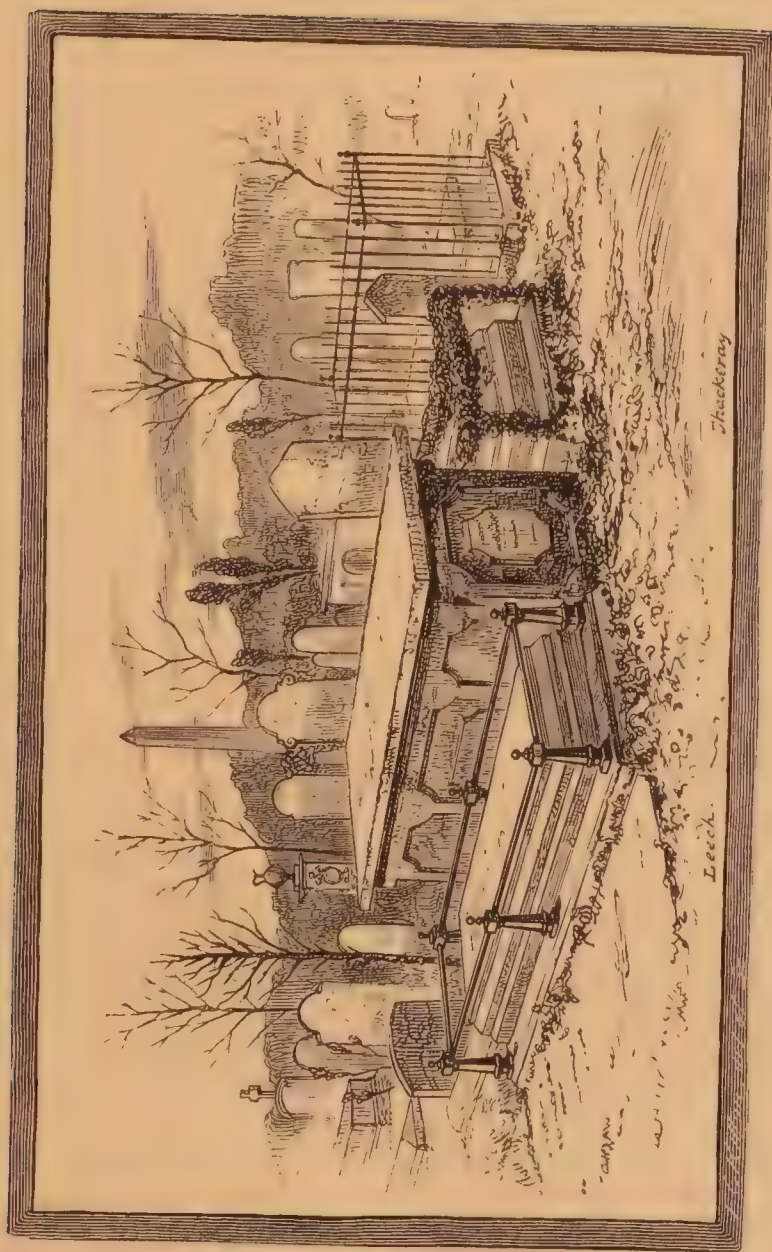
In addition to the mourners, each of whom wore an armlet of black crape, with the letters J. L. in silver on a rosette, about a hundred other people were admitted by the police before they closed the doors. Amongst these the scarlet uniforms of two life-guardsmen shone out conspicuously amid the mass of black wherein they were imbedded, and again recalled the numberless graceful fancies wherewith the departed artist irradiated our common London life.

The burial service was conducted at the grave by his cherished friend, the Rev. S. R. HOLE, whose voice faltered during the recital of the beautiful and touching passages contained in it; then the immortelles, which each pall-bearer had brought with him from the chapel, were cast reverently upon the coffin. Around the grave—divided but by one tomb from the place where the remains of THACKERAY had been so lately interred—stood, in tears which none thought of restraining or concealing, such an assemblage as rarely indeed gathers to honour the dead. How many who looked down into that deep grave recalled the familiar charm of their life, which they owed to the cunning of that practised hand, which lay there still and motionless! How many, above the average even of a popular man's friends, bewailed the fatal numbness of that manly and tender heart!

"For Lycidas was dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and had not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas?"

Who would not rather mourn when a spirit so gentle and graceful had passed away, and even its mortal frame had gone from our sight for ever?

To leave behind us a gentle memory—to hold, even as with the marble grasp of death, the strong though tender threads of a living love that shall stay awhile in the warm hearts of men and women—is a happiness to which we may at times look forward, in the midst of weary toil, as to the sweetest recompense that blesses the last long sleep. It is in mitigation of the many penalties entailed by genius on its possessors that they know on quitting this life they will be long remembered, long thought of with regret. Eyes that had never known his living form and features were wet at the funeral of JOHN LEECH.



CORRESPONDENCE.

THE following characteristic letters, hitherto unpublished, were addressed by JOHN LEECH to JOHN FORSTER, the biographer of Dickens, and are preserved in the Forster Bequest, South Kensington Museum.

10, Brook Green,
Thursday, November 12th.

MY DEAR FORSTER,

I fully intended calling upon you yesterday, but I could not get to town until after the hours you mentioned. To-day I must attack *Punch* work, which is (with me) all in a heap, and I have such a violent cold in the head that I think I am better at work in my room than out of doors. I have so much to get through between this and Christmas that I cannot afford to be ill. You may rely upon it I will lose no time about Dickens's book, and if I am well enough I will come to town on Saturday, when I will take my chance of seeing you. In the meantime,

Believe me, yours faithfully,

John Forster, Esq.

JOHN LEECH.

Monday, November 16, 1846.

MY DEAR FORSTER,

I really cannot say off-hand how many illustrations I can make within the week; indeed, I assure you I feel so embarrassed by the conditions under which I am to make my share of the drawings that I hardly know what to do at all. *Conscientiously* I could not make Clemency Newcome particularly beautiful. If you will read a little *beyond* the words "plump and cheerful," you will find the following:—"But the extraordinary homeliness of her gait and manner would have superseded any face in the world." "To say that she had two left legs and somebody else's arms, and that all four limbs seemed to be out of joint, and to start from perfectly wrong places," &c., &c. Again, she is described as having "a prodigious pair of self-willed shoes," and a gown of "the most hideous pattern procurable for money." The impression made upon me by such a description as I have quoted is certainly that the character so described is both awkward and comic. Of course I may be wrong in my conception of what Dickens intended, but I imagine the lady in question to be a sort of clean "Slowboy."

The blessed public (if they consider the matter at all) will hold me responsible with what appears with my name; they will know nothing about my being obliged to conform to

Mr. Maclise's idea. I cannot tell you how loth I should be to cause any delay or difficulty in the production of the book,* or what pain it would give me to cause either Dickens or yourself any annoyance. I confess I am a little out of heart.

Believe me ever, yours faithfully,
JOHN LEECH.

John Forster, Esq.

Brook Green,
November 18th, 1846.

MY DEAR FORSTER,

Perhaps I was wrong in using the word "conditions" in my note to you—I should have said "circumstances"—and by being "embarrassed" by them, I meant that I found it very harassing to do work (that I am for several reasons anxious to do well) under the constant feeling that I have too little time to do it in, and also I meant to convey to you that the necessity (which I certainly supposed to exist) of preserving a sort of resemblance to the characters as conceived by Mr. Maclise made it a rather nervous undertaking for me. It seems that I expressed myself rather clumsily, as the tone of my note appeared to you anything but what I intended it to be—any suggestion from you I should always consider most valuable. I send you one drawing, completed this morning at four o'clock, and I assure you I would spare neither time nor any personal comfort to show my personal regard for both yourself and Dickens.

I should not like to promise more than two other drawings if Saturday is positively the last day. I might be able to do more, but I should not like to promise, and fail. Pray overlook any glaring defects in the block I send, and

Believe me, ever, yours faithfully,
JOHN LEECH.

John Forster, Esq.
&c. &c.

P.S. I should like, if there is no objection, that Linton should engrave for me.

Brook Green, Hammersmith,
Friday.

MY DEAR FORSTER,

I shall calculate upon the pleasure of your company to dinner on Monday next at five o'clock unless I hear from you to the contrary. Dickens, I think, understood that he was expected. If you do not come with him, you had better bear in mind that our house—or rather *box*—is "eligibly situate" opposite some almshouses at the corner of Cornwall Road, the Brook Green end. Our predecessor was pleased to call it Gelert House. To prevent mis-

* Charles Dickens's *Battle of Life*.

takes I subjoin a representation thereof. I hope nothing will prevent your coming.

Until I see you, and afterwards,

John Forster, Esq.
&c. &c.

Believe me, yours faithfully,
JOHN LEECH.



a the grand entrance

b parlors

c summer house! - d Brook Green

31, Notting Hill Terrace.

MY DEAR FORSTER,

I found your note here last night on my return from the country, where I contrived to catch so bad a cold that I cannot very well come out to see you, but if you could manage (the weather being fine) to come so far into the country, we might "transact business," and I should besides be most delighted to see you. I would show you that wonderful baby you have heard so much of, and which (as Jerrold says) is now visible to the naked eye. I am concerned much at the terrible bloodshed in Paris, but I assure you, however appearances may be against me, I have nothing to do with it.

Should you be unable to come here, will you write to me about the matter you wish to see me upon—for I am afraid that I may not see you to-morrow night at The Kelly's—seeing that I shall be obliged to take physic to-night, and may be, for divers reasons, confined to the house. Mrs. Leech desires to be kindly remembered to you. Believe me, my dear Forster,

Yours faithfully,
JOHN LEECH.

31, Notting Hill Terrace.

MY DEAR FORSTER,

Should not this be one *Coloured* Engraving? I never can do a hundred engravings in each number. I can't indeed!

Ever yours faithfully,
JOHN LEECH.

(Pasted on a blank page in this letter is an advertisement (printed in the *Examiner*, 1852) stating that the "first number of *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour* is now ready, with illustrations by JOHN LEECH. The book will consist of twelve monthly shilling parts, each number containing a hundred engravings, and numerous woodcuts." (A curious misprint!)

January 1st, 1852.

MY DEAR FORSTER,

The first portion of that *magnum opus* which will contain twelve hundred large, highly-coloured engravings, besides two million woodcuts, has appeared. Of the extraordinary genius and skill developed in the pictorial department I need not speak, but to the singular merit of the literary part I would direct your especial attention. Seriously, my dear Forster, if you can (conscientiously, of course) say a cheering word about that periodical, it would be an act of friendship, and fully appreciated by me.

I am,

Yours very faithfully,
JOHN LEECH.

John Forster, Esq.

32, Brunswick Square,
Nov. 24th, 1854.

MY DEAR FORSTER,

I have been wishing much to call upon you, but I have been so closely at work for some time past that I have been only able to snatch a quarter of an hour or so between whiles, and then at unreasonable times for paying visits.

I don't know whether Bradbury and Evans have sent you a copy of (in one sense) my *great* book. Anyhow I hope you will accept the accompanying copy from me as a very slight mark of my appreciation of your kind and friendly encouragement during its arrangement and production. With my best regards,

Believe me, yours faithfully,
JOHN LEECH.

John Forster, Esq.
&c. &c.

SIGNATURES.

THE signatures adopted by LEECH took various forms. Sometimes he wrote his name in full, at others his initials only; then his name and initial only, and lastly the familiar leech in a bottle as a rebus. It has been suggested by some that each kind of signature had its own signification according to the circumstances under which the drawing was produced. That is, he used his *full name* when the idea or subject of the drawing was entirely the artist's own; the *initials only* were appended when the idea or subject-matter had been furnished, and the drawing only was the work of his pencil; and the *rebus* when the subject and sketch have both been furnished by a second person, and the artist, in his inimitable style, elaborated them into the finished picture. This argument, ingenious as it may seem, cannot be correct for the reason that, in some cases, such as in the illustrations to *Christopher Tadpole*, he used *all three signatures*, whereas it is pretty certain that, according to the above reasoning, the *initials only* should have been appended, the subjects of those illustrations having been furnished by the author. Again, in the series of lithographs of the *Children of the Mobility* may be seen a signature not often met with, in which he has combined his Christian name in full, followed by the *rebus*, and the abbreviation *delt*.

SL LL

 delt

Leech

John Leech

John  delt

SKETCHES BY JOHN LEECH.

THE extraordinary prices realised at the sale of LEECH'S sketches after his death, even for the roughest outlines, amply testified to the high esteem in which his works were held by the public. Sir EDWIN LANDSEER used to say that there was scarcely a sketch of Mr. LEECH'S which was not worthy to be framed by itself and hung on our walls. It is, therefore, strange that he should never have received Academical honours, which would, as averred by one of the witnesses before the Royal Academy Commission in 1864, have been secured to him in any other country but his own.

His sketches are now seldom met with, unless in the portfolios of private collectors. Some interesting ones are being permanently exhibited in the Museum at South Kensington, from which I have selected three of the most characteristic, and have carefully reproduced them for publication in this book. Important steps are now being taken to secure by purchase a number of such sketches for the Art Institute at Manchester, a committee of artists and other influential persons having been formed to conduct that transaction and collect donations. Mr. JOHN RUSKIN'S opinion of LEECH'S work is given in a letter written by him to the sisters of the artist at the time when the above scheme was contemplated, and the assistance of that noted critic was requested. He says:—

“Admittedly it contains the finest definition and natural history of the classes of our society, the kindest and subtlest analysis of its foibles, the tenderest flattery of its pretty and well-bred ways, with which the modesty of subservient genius ever amused or immortalised careless masters. But it is not generally known how much more valuable, as art, the first sketches for the woodcuts were than the finished drawings, even before those drawings sustained any loss in engraving.

“John Leech was an absolute master of the elements of character—but not by any means of those of *chiaroscuro*—and the admirableness of his work diminished as it became elaborate. The first few lines in which he sets down his purpose are invariably of all drawing that I know the most wonderful in their accurate felicity and prosperous haste. It is true that the best possible drawing, whether slight or elaborate, is never hurried. Holbein or Titian, if they lay only a couple of lines, yet lay them quietly, and leave them entirely right. But it needs a certain sternness of temper to do this.”

“But of all rapid and condensed realisation ever accomplished by the

pencil, John Leech's is the most dainty, and the least fallible, in the subjects of which he was cognizant. Not merely right in the traits which he seizes, but refined in the sacrifice of what he refuses.

"The drawing becomes slight through fastidiousness, not indolence, and the finest discretion has left its touches rare.

"In flexibility and lightness of pencilling, nothing but the best outlines of Italian masters with the silver point can be compared to them. That Leech sketched English squires instead of saints, and their daughters instead of martyrs, does not in the least affect the question respecting skill of pencilling; and I repeat deliberately that nothing but the best work of sixteenth-century Italy with the silver point exists in art which in rapid refinement these playful English drawings do not excel."

MR. HAMERTON, in his *Graphic Arts*, pays a similar tribute to the excellence of LEECH's pen-drawings, which he holds up for comparison with similar work by the great serious masters of the pen, such as RAPHAEL and TITIAN. "We know, of course," he says, "the distinction between a mental satirist of modern life and an inventor of immortal beauty, but in such matters as the judicious use of the ink-line in shading, JOHN LEECH is comparable to RAPHAEL, or to any artist who ever lived."

Viewing the artist's work from another standpoint, the late Archbishop of Canterbury did not scruple to avow his opinion that LEECH was a "pioneer of popular thought in a moral and religious direction."

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF WORKS
ILLUSTRATED WHOLLY OR PARTLY
BY JOHN LEECH.

1835. *Etchings and Sketchings, by A. Pen, Esq.* 4 pages. 4to.
1837. *Jack Bragg.* Theodore Hook.
1840. *The Comic Latin Grammar.* Paul Prendergast (Percival Leigh). Plates and cuts.
- Do. *The Comic English Grammar.* Gilbert A'Beckett. Fifty illustrations. 8vo.
- Do. *The Natural History of Evening Parties.* Albert Smith. 16mo.
1841. *The Children of the Mobility.* Seven lithographs in a wrapper. 4to.
- Do. *Written Caricatures, by C. C. Pepper (pseud.)* 12mo.
- Do. *The Porcelain Tower, or Nine Stories of China, by T. T. T.* Three etchings and fifteen cuts.
1842. *Merrie England in the Olden Time.* G. Daniel. Plates. 2 vols. 8vo.
- Do. *Ingoldsby Legends.* T. Barham. J. Leech and G. Cruikshank. 3 vols. 8vo.
- Do. *Hood's Comic Annual.*
1843. *The Wassail Bowl—Humorous Tales and Sketches.* Albert Smith. Etchings and woodcuts.
- Do. *Jack the Giant Killer.* 16mo.
- Do. *The Barnabys in America, or Adventures of the Widow Wedded.* Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols. 8vo.
- 1843-5. *The Illuminated Magazine.* Edited by Douglas Jerrold. Partly by J. L. Coloured plates and cuts. 4to.
1844. *The Comic Arithmetic.* Woodcuts. 8vo.
- Do. *Punch's Snapdragon for Children.* Four etchings. 12mo.

1844. *A Christmas Carol*. Charles Dickens. Four coloured plates and cuts. Sm. 8vo.
- Do. *The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury and his Friend Jack Johnson*. A. Smith. 8vo.
- Do. *Richard Savage, a Romance of Real Life*. C. Whitehead. Seventeen illustrations. 3 vols. 8vo.
- Do. *Jessie Phillips, a Tale*. F. Trollope. Portrait and eleven plates. 8vo.
1845. *The Chimes*. Charles Dickens. Partly by J. L. Sm. 8vo.
- Do. *Hints on Life, or How to Rise in Society*. Frontispiece.
- Do. *Young Master Troublesome, or Master Jacky's Holidays*.
- 1845-8. *The Shilling Magazine*. Edited by Douglas Jerrold. Plates illustrating the Story of "St. Giles and St. James."
1846. *The Quizziology of the British Drama*. Gilbert A'Beckett. Frontispiece by J. L. 12mo.
- Do. *The Physiology of Evening Parties*. Albert Smith. Partly by J. L. 12mo.
- Do. *The Comic Annual*. A republication of Hood's "Whimsicalities." Forty-five illustrations.
- Do. *The Battle of Life*. Charles Dickens. Partly by J. L. Sm. 8vo.
- Do. *The Story of a Feather*. Douglas Jerrold.
1847. *The Comic History of England*. Gilbert A'Beckett. Ten coloured etchings and numerous cuts. 8vo.
1848. *The Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith*. J. Forster. Partly by J. L.
- Do. *The Rising Generation*. Twelve lithographs. Folio.
- Do. *The Struggles and Adventures of Christopher Tadpole*. Albert Smith. Etchings by J. L. 8vo.
- Do. *The Haunted Man, or the Ghost's Bargain*. Charles Dickens. Partly by J. L. Sm. 8vo.
1849. *Book of Ballads*. Bon Gaultier (Theodore Martin and Aytoun). J. L. and R. Doyle.
- Do. *A Man Made of Money*. D. Jerrold. Twelve illustrations.

1851. *The Month*. Edited by Albert Smith.
1852. *Dashes of American Humour*. H. H. Paul. 8vo.
- Do. *The Comic History of Rome*. Gilbert A'Beckett. Ten coloured etchings and numerous woodcuts. 8vo.
1853. *The Fortunes of Hector O'Halloran and his Man Mark Antony Toole*. W. H. Maxwell. 8vo.
- Do. *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour*. R. Surtees. Coloured etchings and numerous cuts. 8vo.
1854. *The Great Highway*. S. W. Fullom.
- Do. *Pictures of Life and Character*. From "Punch." Vol. I.
- Do. *Handley Cross*. R. Surtees. Coloured etchings and numerous cuts. 8vo.
1856. *The Paragreens*. 8vo.
1857. *Merry Pictures* by the comic hands of "Phiz," Leech, and others. Folio.
- Do. *The Militiaman at Home and Abroad*. Emeritus (pseud.)
1858. *An Encyclopædia of Rural Sports*. Illustrated from drawings by J. L. 8vo.
- Do. *Pictures of Life and Character*. Second Series.
- Do. *Ask Mamma, or the Richest Commoner in England*. R. Surtees. Coloured etchings and numerous cuts. 8vo.
1859. *A Little Tour in Ireland, being a visit to Dublin, Limerick, Killarney, Cork, &c.* By an Oxonian (Canon Hole). Coloured folding plates and numerous cuts.
- Do. *Newton Dograne. A Story of English Life*. F. Francis.
- Do. *Soapey Sponge*. (Sporting.)
- Do. *The Flyers of the Hunt*. J. Mills. 8vo.
- Do. *Paul Prendergast*. 8vo.
1860. *Pictures of Life and Character*. Third Series.
- Do. *Mr. Briggs and his Doings*. (Fishing.) Twelve coloured plates. Ob. folio.
- Do. *Plain or Ringlets*. R. Surtees. Coloured etchings and numerous cuts. 8vo.
1861. *Puck on Pegasus*. Pennell. Partly by J. L. 4to.

1861. *Pictures of Life and Character*. Fourth series.
1864. *The Follies of the Year*. Twenty-one coloured etchings from "Punch's Pocket-Books." 1844-64. Ob. 4to.
- Do. *Early Pencillings from "Punch."* A reprint of the political cartoons, &c. 4to.
- 1864-5. *Later Pencillings from "Punch."* 4to.
1865. *Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds*. R. Surtees. J. L. and "Phiz." Coloured etchings and numerous cuts. 8vo.
1869. *Pictures of Life and Character*. Fifth series.
1870. *Etchings*, with letterpress descriptions. 4to.
- Do. *Later Pencillings from "Punch,"* with Notes by Mark Lemon. 252 humorous cartoons. 4to.
- *Fly Leaves*. Lithographs.
- *Sketches of Life and Character, taken at the Police Court, Bow Street*. G. Hodder.
- *The Fiddle-Faddle Fashion Book*.
- *Jack the Giant Killer*. Percival Leigh. Twelve humorous plates and numerous cuts. Cr. 8vo.

Uniform with the present work. By the same Author.
THE ONLY PUBLISHED BIOGRAPHY OF "THE ILLUSTRATOR OF DICKENS,"

PHIZ

(HABLÔT KNIGHT BROWNE), A MEMOIR.

Including a Selection from his Correspondence and Notes on his Principal Works. The book is also embellished with numerous Illustrations, including a Portrait of "Phiz" and Seven full-page Engravings printed on plate paper, besides many process Reproductions of Comic and Original Sketches, with which the deceased artist was wont to illustrate the exceedingly droll letters to his sons, now for the first time published.

A few extra copies of this Memoir have been printed, with the addition of new and valuable family and biographical matter.

EXTRACTS FROM OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Phiz" is a timely little memoir of the late Hablôt K. Browne, by Mr. Fred. G. Kitton. Mr. Kitton is already known as an artist, many of his drawings having appeared in this journal for some years past, together with occasional articles. The monograph is extremely interesting; it embodies a great number of facts (some of them curious), it includes a selection from the deceased artist's correspondence, and some appreciative notes on his principal works; and it is illustrated with numerous engravings, mostly printed from the original blocks. The correspondence is noteworthy, being eminently characteristic of the man. Some of the letters were written to Charles Dickens, and are now published for the first time; others, addressed to his son, are brimful of rollicking fun, geniality, and affection. Altogether the world has reason to be grateful for so comprehensive and instructive a memoir of an artist whose work perhaps has yet to be appreciated at its true worth. Mr. Kitton has done his task in a sincere and simple fashion; his little work will do much to rouse an intelligent admiration of drawings which have the rare quality of imagination as well as humour, humanity, and a piquant individuality.—*Graphic*, Sep. 23, 1882.

Under the title of "Phiz: a Memoir," Mr. F. G. Kitton has published in pamphlet form a sketch of the life and works of this distinguished book illustrator, which will be acceptable to his friends and admirers. . . . It comprises many interesting glimpses of Phiz's habits, and numerous particulars of his works both in illustrating and in water colour drawing. The selection from his correspondence, which shows him to have possessed a vein of very pleasant humour, adds much to the value of the brochure, which is accompanied by some reproductions of his sketches made, for the most part, for "The Old Curiosity Shop," "Barnaby Rudge," and other of Charles Dickens's works.—*Daily News*, Aug. 25, 1882.

Of all monographs on great men, the most acceptable are those which are thrown off in an unpretentious way, but with due care as to facts, while a general interest is freshly excited. Such an instance is afforded by a brochure on Phiz, which has just been written by Mr. F. G. Kitton. The author neither pretends to be nor is an eminent judge of the arts, but he has an intelligent appreciation both of the work and the pleasant, manly character of the late Hablôt Knight Browne. . . .—*Liverpool Daily Post*, Aug. 21, 1882.

We are glad to welcome even such a short and slight account of an artist whose name certainly deserves to rank among the few real "illustrators" of fiction. . . .—*Academy*, Oct. 3, 1882.

It is always satisfactory to see such an effort as this made to keep alive the interest felt in those who have served the public well in their respective spheres. . . .—*Bookseller*.

This little memoir will be warmly appreciated by those who wish to preserve some memento of an artist, who for thirty years contributed in no small degree to the success of some of our best-known novels. Some specimens of the etchings in "The Old Curiosity Shop," and an excellent portrait of Mr. Browne, add to the value of the book, which might have been very easily enlarged, looking at the interest of the subject.—*Life*, Dec. 21, 1882.

We are enabled to present the readers of the *Reporters' Magazine*, not only with a series of excellent illustrations, but with the treat of a choice biographical note which has been attached to the well-received Memoir of "Phiz," by Mr. Fred G. Kitton. This note will see the light for the first time attached to a few copies of an extra edition for "collectors," printed on special paper. The excellent little biography has been so well reviewed in the press, that it is unnecessary for us to refer to it here further than to say that those who admire the work of Dickens should procure a copy while a copy is to be had. . . .—*Reporters' Magazine*, Nov. 1882.

We desire to draw attention to the recently-published notice of this genial artist by Mr. Fred. G. Kitton. . . . It contains a portrait of "Phiz," and seven full-page engravings printed on plate paper, and is the only published biography of "the illustrator of Dickens." The first edition was exhausted in six weeks, and the present issue contains new and valuable family and biographical matter. As the memoir is not only interesting in itself, but is sure to immediately become scarce, the trade will do well to secure copies without delay. . . .—*Printing Times and Lithographer*, Nov. 15, 1882.

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JOHN LEECH.



NO. 1.—HO-FI CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

THIRTY-SEVEN and a half years ago, in London, there appeared a prospectus of a proposed new journal. The newsmen handed it to their customers; it was headed by a fairly clever picture in the fashion of the day, a wood-cut of just such character as were Hablot Browne's contributions to another journal then in its second year,—“Master Humphrey's Clock,” edited by Charles Dickens and published by Chapman and Hall. This head-piece represented the well-known puppet of London street shows—that very “Punch” whose

most famous gentlemen-ushers were Messrs. Codlin and Short—standing between two masked personages, his “author” and his “artist”; and the first line declares that it is a “refuge for destitute wit” which is here established, thereby asserting a connection between the new journal and the recognized fashion of comic publication for the previous century or two. On the seventeenth of July, 1841, came out the first number of “Punch”; it seems not very funny to a reader of to-day; its manner of jesting is ponderous and, except for its

freedom from offense, reminds one of that eighteenth century "wit" now only known to book-collectors as to be found in the comic publications alluded to. The illustrations, besides one full-page "cartoon," were wretched little cuts an inch high, scattered through the text; the cartoon itself is better, but is not a design at all, only five heads of "Candidates under different Phases,"—five separate pictures irregularly distributed over the page. The Parliamentary elections of that summer were just concluded. The Whigs had been beaten pretty badly. Lord Melbourne's ministry was evidently endangered; the Tories were on the alert and ready to build up their own government on the ruins of the old one, and by means of the popular majorities they had won. "Punch" is chiefly occupied with politics at first, and very blue reading it is. Except for the preservation in these pages of some of those old stories and local allusions which help the reader of history wonderfully, even Miss Martineau's record of those times is more amusing than that of our joker.

But in the fourth number of "Punch," "for the week ending August 7, 1841," the cartoon was by a different hand. John Leech had signed his name in full in the left hand lower corner; a scroll in the very center of the page bore the inscription "Foreign Affairs," and, as author's name, the mark so well known afterward, a bottle with inverted glass over the stopper and a wriggling "leech" within. Below the scroll, a London sidewalk is seen thronged with the denizens of Leicester Square, eight men and two women, walking and staring, or conversing in a group. The lowest type of escaped fraudulent debtor, the most truculent style of gambler in fairly prosperous condition, the female chorus singer growing old and stout; all are here as easy to recognize as if described in words. Above are detached studies. In one portly figure, whose back only is seen, but who has an inscription, "The Great Singer," we recognize Lablache. In a pianist with a cataract of coarse hair, a better informed reader of English journals, or one who had the patience to wade through this very number of "Punch," might recognize some celebrity of the day—can it be Liszt? But the important thing to our inquiry is the easy strength seen in the drawing of these twenty grotesque figures. They are hardly caricature. Take any one of them and it will be evident that we have before us a

portrait. The original of that portrait was "padding with thin soles" the pavement of Regent street in August, 1841. His son is there to-day, in a somewhat different hat and coat and without straps to his trowsers.

No one head of these twenty heads is quite so good as the very wonderful design reproduced in our cut No. 4. This must have been made within a few weeks after the appearance of "Foreign Affairs," for it is in Hood's "Comic Annual" for 1842, and this was printed before the close of the previous year. Miss Kilmansegg "and her precious leg" are wooed of a count,—of

"A foreign Count,—who came incog.,
Not under a cloud, but under a fog,
In a Calais packet's fore-cabin,

To charm some lady British born,
With his eyes as black as the fruit of the thorn,
And his hooky nose, and his beard half-shorn,
Like a half-converted Rabbin."

But the physical charms of the *prétendant* and his half-military dress, and the "retail order" in his button-hole, are nothing; any book-illustrating artist could grapple with those; what John Leech did to complete Tom Hood's record of the Count's inward gifts and graces is the wonder.

"He could sing, and play first fiddle, and dance—" says Hood, and

"Savage at heart and false of tongue,
Subtle with age and smooth with the young,
Like a snake in his coiling and curling—
Such was the Count—to give him a niche—
Who came to court that heiress rich,
And knelt at her foot,—one needn't say which,—
Besieging her castle of Sterling."

This cut has been copied by Mr. Carson in so perfect a fashion that no reader need long for the original; a difference in the fineness of the lines in the coat is the only one perceptible. And the very remarkable physiognomical picture, with falsehood and cruelty equally plain in it, while the head remains that of a false and cruel man and not a mere abstraction, is just the same thing in our page as in that of the last volume of the "Comic Annual."

This picture is given instead of a head from "Punch," as better. Still the "Punch" cartoon is admirable work as we see it now, but how far was it seen, in 1840, to be unusually good? Did the dissatisfied subscribers of "Punch" (who must have been many, for the paper was sold to new owners not many weeks after this "week ending August 7, 1841," and was bought by Messrs. Bradbury & Evans very cheaply



CRINOLINE FOR DOMESTIC USE.

Mrs. M., "MART! GO AND TAKE OFF THAT THING, DIRECTLY! PRAY, ARE YOU AWARE WHAT A RIDICULOUS OBJECT YOU ARE?"



—some say for a hundred pounds!—did they welcome the new hand? Was his name already known well enough to carry with it assurance of better work than that done by A. S. H. and W. N.? It must have been familiar already to amateurs and students of wood-engraving and of book-illustration. For Leech, though only a twenty-four-year-old man, in 1841, was a three-year-old designer for wood-cuts. "Bell's Life" had had the first-fruits of his genius, for that paper was an "illustrated" one then. A student of medicine, with a strong love of sporting and horses, and a habit which dated from his school-boy days of drawing everything he saw, he came quite naturally to work for a journal which did not ask matured skill, but only what he could give it. Mr. Shirley Brooks's interesting biography of Leech states that he was first brought into notice by a design for an envelope—a take-off of the one designed by Mulready for the post-office authorities; this the writer has never seen. "Bentley's Miscellany," which had been filled for six years with our dear old friend George Cruikshank's designs for "Oliver Twist" and "Jack Sheppard" and the rest, made room, in 1840, for an etching by Leech, the earliest etching of his of which we find record—"The Black Mousquetaire." It is hardly worth while reproducing this, as the "Ingoldsby Legends" are so well known, and the different illustrated editions of it so accessible. The first appearance of the etching was in "Bentley," Vol. VIII. It is not very good; its artistic value is very slight, but then Leech never cared for that, but stuck to his simple line-work to the end just as Cruikshank did; and without reaching even such simple excellence as Cruikshank's best or second-best work with the needle. What is more strange is that his fun is badly mixed with earnest, caricature with tragedy, in this, and in other etchings of the same series. The etchings in the same volume, in illustration of "'Stanley Thorn,' by the author of 'Valentine Vox,'" are greatly better in character because dealing with English people and because frankly studied from life, with no more effort at caricature than one finds in later work.

There was some broad farce in Leech, though, at least in those early days. The first of our illustrations in chronological order, is No. 2, "The Sun and Moon," from Percival Leigh's "Comic English Grammar." The

author wishes to fix in the youthful mind the fact that "Sun" is masculine and "Moon" is feminine, and so goes into the analogies,—how the "golden rays" of the Sun are turned into "silvery light" by the Moon, who, of course, is fond of "change," and who, moreover, shines at night, like other feminine elegancies. The original cut is very exactly copied by Mr. Sugden. The rather "sat upon" and disciplined look of Sol, and Lady Luna's elate enjoyment of the jewelry, as she sits in her habit and hat, are admirably rendered. Our cut No. 1 is a *fac-simile* of an etching to be found in Vol. IX.



NO. 2.—THE SUN AFFORDS THE MOON THE MEANS OF SHINING.

of "Bentley's Miscellany," where it illustrates a farcical sort of story, called "Ho-Fi of the Yellow Girdle." Ho-Fi had proposed to his bride, So-Sli, to drink certain tea which he didn't wish to share with her, and she had seemed to pour the same out of window, to put an end to a loving contest. But three days afterward she offered him tea which, as he thought, tasted strangely; and then it appeared that he was "caught in his own trap," for the lady had poured the decoction into a pan outside the sill, and had now warmed it up for him. Certainly, of these two pictures, the most comical is the simplest,—the wood-cut, with its child-like di-

rectness and *naïveté*. In the Chinese picture the long clay pipes and the three-cornered sand-boxes, as if in a British tavern, are well imagined, as in contrast with the more Oriental accessories of costume and furniture. This very costume, too, is pleasantly travestied; but still the value of the picture is rather in the pretty girlishness of the little bride, So-Sli, maintained through all the theatrical-Chinese features and dress. It was, indeed, not fun that Leech cared for, but character; not a loud laugh, but an amused smile. If his humor may be thought

give, in a few words, of Leech's way of looking at life. "The Children of the Mobility" is a publication of 1841, seven lithographs in a wrapper. It has become scarce, like too many good things. After Leech's death, the committee which undertook to raise a fund for the purchase from his sister of those of his drawings which remained in her possession, published a thin folio, containing photographic copies of the original outline studies for six of these; but the one we have chosen for reproduction in our cut No. 3 has never been copied in any form. Our

picture is on less than half the scale of the original, of which the India paper measures eight by ten inches. The photographic process by which it is reduced gives the character of the original lithograph better, perhaps, than it could have been done otherwise; but it has exaggerated in an ugly way the strength of the paler parts,—the distant figure of the charity-boy about to "over" a post, the signature below, the sky and the distant haze,—so that the effect of the original, as a delicate bit of light and shade, is pretty much lost. But the expression of character is preserved. The three boys are types—all children of the mobile classes; there is the muffin-man's boy, and the apothecary's errand-boy, or "lawyer's clerk" in his first year; there is the liveried page of a



NO. 3.—CHILDREN OF THE MOBILITY.

to resemble that of Dickens, at least it is without that side of it which, in Dickens's work, appears to the world as Dick Swiveller. Hablot Browne's development, again, of that very character in the original "Master Humphrey's Clock," is as superior to anything Leech could have done, at least in his ordinary mood, in the way of mere laughableness, as Leech's varied insight and affectionate sympathy are to Browne's thin and flimsy art,—a mere seizing of outsides. Pathos, hidden beneath a very momentary, though pleasant and natural, fun, is the best account we can

family—the "boy in buttons." Some quizzing of the uniformed messenger by the rough boys, who rather despise him for his good clothes, seems to be in order; he wants a direction, and they, proud of their knowledge of London and of their freedom and general wide-awakeness, mean to make him pay for it. This is the least tragical subject of the whole seven; the others have more to do with the misery and squalor of the poor than this rather jovial study. One of them contains some charming bits of child-life among the very poor: a tall girl, of fourteen, with the





"A highly respectable man."



.. "Fools furnish Quacks with Cases."

sweetest and most sympathizing smile, looks down upon a little boy who has been to get a tea-kettleful of water,—for that fluid has to be brought from far for the very poor in London,—and who seems to have found a herring, with which he and all the bystanders are delighted. Two of the pictures are wholly sad, and the third, while it has a foreground incident not unlike the one before us,—a jocose controversy between two boys,—shows, beyond, a child's parish funeral, where the little coffin is borne on the shoulders of an undertaker's assistant, preceded by another as mute; where one poor woman follows as the only mourner, and where the poor little procession of three has to make its way along a London foot-way, with a Punch-and-Judy show in full operation. It was to observe these incidents of every-day life, and to record them, that Leech lived. He must have seen and remembered as many sad incidents as amusing ones; as many even agonizing events and pitiful appeals as comic situations or jocose conversations,—in short, as much sadness as fun. But it was his business, throughout the greater part of his life, to furnish amusement to the most amusement-seeking class of people in this world,—the wealthier English. There was too steady a demand for what he had that was entertaining to let him neglect long to supply it. It is not "Punch" alone nor "Punch" chiefly to which allusion is made; the greater number of the books he illustrated gave him more purely comic work to do than "Punch." In that weekly he found the best opportunity ever afforded to him to give voice to his more serious thoughts.

Chronologically, we have now reached "Miss Kilmansegg," and our illustration No. 4, already described. The pathetic and humanitarian tone of the poem fitted it exactly to Leech's humor. It is a pity that he had not free choice of subject and treatment. But that could hardly be, for the previous volumes of the "Comic Annual" had contained few pictures other than the coarse, ill-drawn, and purely farcical little cuts from Hood's own hand,—designs so inartistic in every sense, so ugly, and so common, that it is a wonder "a genius so shrinking and rare" as Tom Hood's could have consented to them even as mere sport, or as sport turned to bread-winning. There are thirty-two pictures to "Miss Kilmansegg," of which two or three have the artist's full power in them. Especially vigorous is the Countess tearing her will, while the blackguard Count



NO. 4.—"SUCH WAS THE COUNT—TO GIVE HIM A NICHE."

looks on with a sneer, pockets turned inside out, hair disheveled, fresh from a rowdy debauch, while broken bottles and a dice-box strew the floor. Especially charming is "Love for Dinner,"—too subtle a design to describe,—in illustration of some lines which are known, it is to be hoped, to most readers.

During the year 1842, Leech worked steadily for "Punch," though the more commonplace sketches of Hine, and the stilted and "hifalutin" designs of Kenny Meadows, are more frequent in those pages. There are also a lot of smug and drawing-room-like pictures which seem to be by Harvey. It is odd enough to see one of Leech's firm and simple designs in the adjoining column to one of those others, with their lady-like grace and pretty turns of the head, and smoothness and smirk. Leech, for his part, gets into full career toward the close of the third volume; the big picture illustrating the pleasures of folding doors, and "of hearing the 'Battle of Prague' played with a running accompaniment of one, and two, and three,—and one, and two, and three,—and"—is a good landmark; it shows the future style of the artist, his way of treating feature and expression, his touch, his ingenuity in handling accessories, and that neatness of his legends and inscriptions which never forsook him. In the fifth volume, toward the close of 1843, there is a picture (perhaps not the first, indeed) and a legend, about the organ-grinding nuisance, which, in after

life, at least, was a real distress and burden to the sensitive artist: "Wanted," it says, "by an aged lady, of a very nervous temperament, a professor who will undertake to mesmerize all the organs in her street.—Salary,



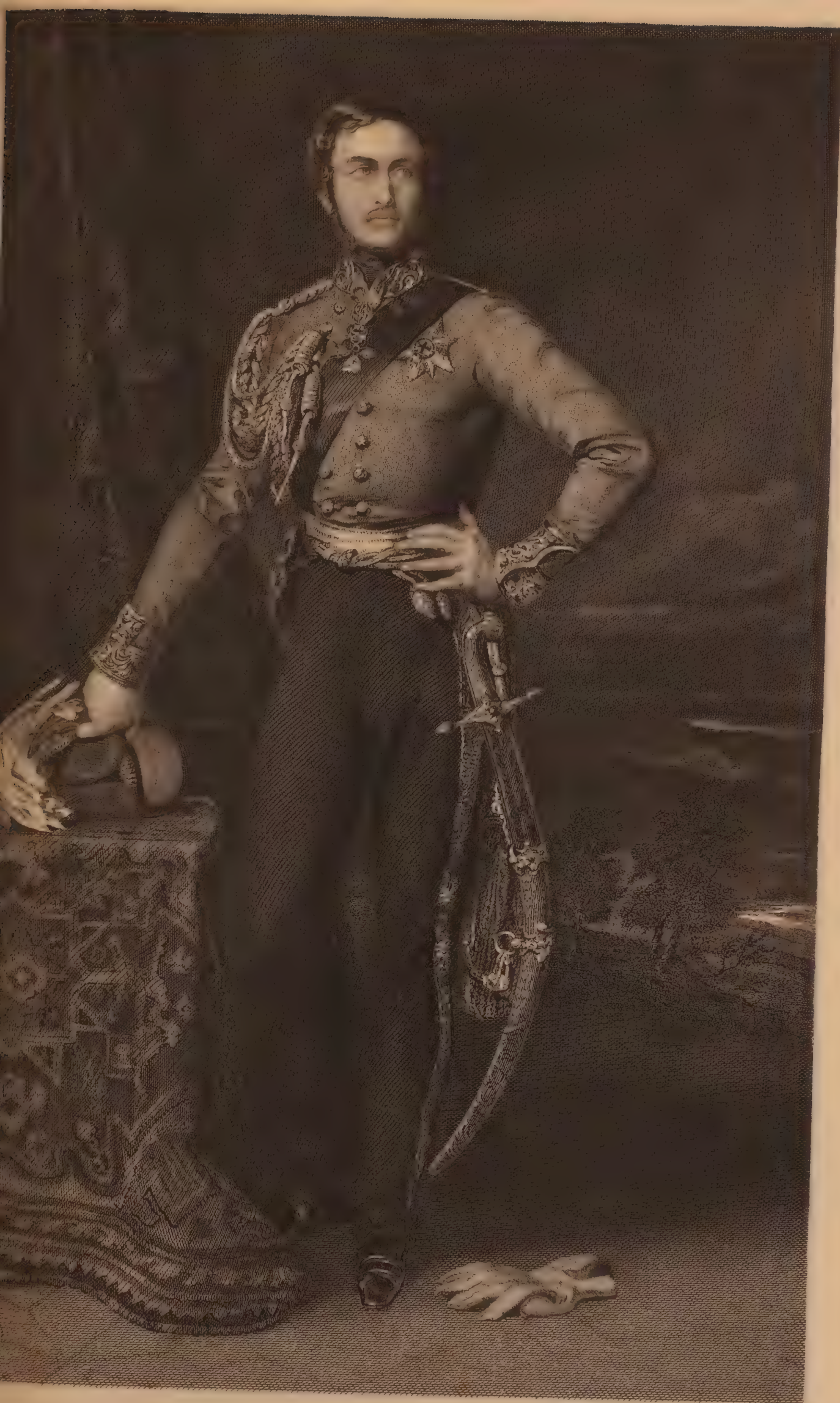
NO. 5.—BOB CRATCHIT AND SCROOGE "OVER A CHRISTMAS BOWL OF SMOKING BISHOP."

so much per organ." For "aged lady," read, delicately organized man of twenty-six!

"Punch" was bravely "liberal" in those early days; full of sympathy with advanced ideas, and with the opponents of privilege and stately establishments; even to the extent of making immense fun of royalty and the royal family, and the rapidly lengthening list of royal children. It is an odd contrast between the touchingly loyal tone of only ten years later, and the quite ferocious fun made of Prince Albert, of the Duke of Cambridge and his daughter's marriage, of the expense of the royal establishment as contrasted with the wretchedness of the poor; a theme constantly urged. A change came over the public mind in England, not long after the events of 1848 and 1849, and this is as visible elsewhere as in the pages of "Punch." Prince Albert was indeed a favorite mark for ridicule, at least on certain occasions, till a much later time, but the queen and her children and her household, and royalty as an institution, were all treated as things very sacred and very precious, from about the year 1850. Concerning Ireland, too, and Irish government, there was in the early volumes a certain feeling of regret

and apology not to be found later; in the sixth volume, the Queen and the Czar Nicholas are seen sitting at the two ends of a table, while above their heads hang the map of Ireland and the map of Poland, and the Queen, pointing to her own dependency, says, "Brother, brother, we're both in the wrong!" In the same volume a really admirable cartoon is entitled "The Game Laws, or the Sacrifice of the Peasant to the Hare;" and a more uncompromising bit of anti-privilege thought no one need ask for. All these are by Leech. There is a marked change in the artist's temper in after life. It is not probable that he ever forgot to be charitable, or to be pitiful, or to be indignant at gross abuses; but assuredly his mind was fixed upon other things.

In this year, 1844, appeared "The Christmas Carol,"—the first of Dickens's Christmas stories, and the only one illustrated exclusively by Leech. There are, in this original edition, four colored etchings, of the kind so common in Cruikshank's early books, and common to Leech until his latest years, the etching being naturally only line-work, and not carried very far; the coloring always in full blue, and red, and yellow, with white paper left for the white waistcoats and aprons. There are also a number of uncolored wood-cuts, of which we give one in cut No. 5, a faithful reproduction by Mr. Zeltner of the final picture, "Scrooge and Bob Cratchit." It is very interesting, in these designs, to see Leech *aux prises* with the supernatural. He is not particularly clever at it; fresh thoughts do not seem to arise in his mind; he follows his author about, trying to set down what the text suggests, but with no especial success. It is the transmogrification of Scrooge, from the hardest to the jolliest business man in London, which is admirably managed! It is the same face and yet not the same, in the picture of "Marley's Ghost" at the beginning and in the one before us. As for Bob Cratchit,—to any other artist this characterization would be set down as a great success; to Leech it is only every-day work. In "Punch" for this year, 1844, are several fanciful designs which are remarkable enough. "Old Port introducing Gout to the Fine Young English Gentleman," contains a portrait of "Gout," which it is a pity we cannot find room for. But these fantasies are not his best work. The holiday-



schoolboy at the pastry-cook's counter, who tells the saleswoman that he has had—"two jellies, seven of them, and eleven of them, and six of those, and four bath-buns, a sausage-roll, ten almond-cakes, and a bottle of ginger beer;"—the capital heads of the two swimmers at a watering-place, of which the lips of one say almost in the horror-stricken ear of the other, "I beg your parding, Captain, but could you oblige me with my little account?" the old gentleman and the ragged little boy who meet, in front of a sweet-shop, in "A Lumping Penn'orth," between whom passes this dialogue: "Now, my man, what would you say, if I gave you a penny?" "Vy, that you vos a jolly old Brick!"—these portraits of the people of London are what our kindly and observant artist was sent to London to make. Here (No. 6) is his own portrait, as he was in July, 1846, when the maid said to him, "If you please, sir, here's the printer's boy called again!" And here is his portrait in January, 1847, "first (and only) fiddle" to the orchestra in "Mr. Punch's Fancy Ball." This picture is a huge double-page cartoon; on the floor are the celebrities of the day dancing and conversing,—Lord Brougham with the "Standard," Mr. Punch (of course) with Britannia, and O'Connell, Lord Derby, Wellington and the rest; but the orchestra is made up of the editors and contributors to "Punch." Let Dr. John Brown describe them; for he claims to know them all (see his essay on Leech, reprinted in "Spare Hours"): "On the left is Mayhew playing the cornet, then Percival Leigh the double-bass, Gilbert A'Becket the violin, Doyle the clarionet, Leech next playing the same,—tall, handsome and nervous,—Mark Lemon the editor, as conductor, appealing to the fell Jerrold to moderate his bitter transports on the drum. Mooning over all is Thackeray,—big, vague, child-like,—playing on the piccolo; and Tom Taylorn earnestly pegging away on the piano." Clearly there is error in one clause of this passage; for it is Leech's head and a violin, not a clarionet, which the reader has before

him.* "The fell Jerrold" gave Leech some work about this time. Writing constantly in "Punch," his papers had been illustrated by



NO. 6.—ONE OF "PUNCH'S" FULL ORCHESTRA. (LEECH PLAYING THE FIDDLE.)

Leech and by other artists; but when in 1845, the "Shilling Magazine" was begun, and the novel of "St. Giles and St. James" in its first number, full-page etchings were made to illustrate that story. They are in



NO. 7.—OUR ARTIST IN HOT WEATHER—"OH, BOTHER! SAY I'M BUSY."

some respects more elaborate than most of

*In "Punch," seven years later, a different hand has portrayed all these and other contributors as boys at play; Leech himself is decorated with a hobby horse and armed with a porte-crayon, and is about to leap an easel set sideways to serve as a hurdle; Jerrold is playing skittles; Thackeray has the bat in a small game of cricket; Lemon is playing rackets.



NO. 8.—THE HOLIDAYS HAVE BEGUN.

Leech's works,—with more black and white, more pretense at chiaro-oscuro; but whether he could not sympathize with his author's unquestioning convictions and savage animosities, or from what other reason it may have been, it is clear that the designs were not done with his whole energy. But his whole energy is put into some festive little publications of his own about the same time (for "St. Giles and St. James" was not finished until 1847); and we name especially the Christmas *brochure* from which picture No. 8 is taken—"Master Jacky's Holidays, or the History of Young Troublesome." It is all

pictures, with no text beyond the legends at the foot of the page, and one page of *dramatis personæ*. Master Jacky keeps his father's London house amused and occupied during the holidays, by various escapades more ingenious than common in well-regulated families. The pursuits of the first morning after his arrival are depicted in our cut, closely fac-similed from the etching, by Mr. Brinkerhoff; Master Brown from next door and Master Green from over the way come to help Jacky's younger brothers and sisters welcome his return, while the nursery maids above, Ruggles below, and



Bill "Well, I've quite tired of the life of a
man, I think I shall try and be a
woman."

Bill "Well, I've quite tired of the life of a
man, I think I shall try and be a
woman."



NO. 9.—THE PARSON IN THE DITCH.

Mr. Phoenix at his library door "assist," in the original and French sense, and Mr. Phoenix's bust on the landing-place wears an expression of amazement at the break in its tranquil existence.

In 1848 appeared another set of lithographs—"The Rising Generation." These are, perhaps, inferior to the similar publication of seven years before, from which we give an illustration, less refined in drawing, less elevated in character, as works of art. Still, they add to the regret one feels that Leech so seldom resorted to the art of lithography to embody his more elaborate conceptions. There was constant complaint that his drawings were spoiled by the wood-engravers, not necessarily that these last were unskillful, but that the more subtle flavor of the swiftly drawn designs was hard to preserve in hastily cut blocks. Leech is quoted as saying to a friend, who was admiring a study in pencil: "Wait till Saturday, and see how the engraver will have spoiled it." Under these circumstances, it does seem strange that the example of the French humoristic designers, and especially of Gavarni, should not have been more frequently followed. Gavarni's most important work was in large lithographs, and certainly Leech must have been familiar with it. The concentrated intensity and power of caricature without exaggeration of the great Frenchman was not in place in "Punch," nor in the illustration of the trifling novels and books of sporting sketches

which were brought for Leech to work at; but this, again, seems a reason for regretting that the Englishman did not more frequently issue independent designs, or sets of designs, of the fashion of "The Children of the Mobility," and the few others. But there was etching, with the processes of which art Leech had made himself familiar in his boyhood; if he had thoughts in him which his own hand only could rightly embody in visible form, why did he not carry farther that art of boundless capacities? Why was he satisfied to make hundreds of etchings for "Bentley's Miscellany" and a score of novels besides, without giving or seriously attempting to give them any artistic character at all? It is a question that no one can answer, except by the unsatisfactory reflection that, up to the time of Leech's death, there had been no recognition in modern England of etching as an independent and respectable fine art, and that, with the insignificant exception of the publications of the Etching Club,—themselves almost all valueless in an artistic point of view,—etchings were known only as "comic illustrations to novels, ordered for their comic, and not their artistic, qualities," as Mr. Hamerton says, because they "could be done rapidly, and because the facility of the point was a convenience to the designers for giving expression to their Harry Lorrequers and Charles O'Malleys." Leech seems to have been a man who would do what was given him to

do with perfect satisfaction and in his best manner, but without longing for greater scope or larger opportunities. That temperament is indicated in the subjects of his work, as well as in their character: among early works, "The Fiddle-Faddle Fashion Book," Percival's Comic English and Latin Grammars, and the trifling designs to Bon Gaultier's ballads and "Puck on Pegasus"; then, in "Bentley's Miscellany," from 1840 to 1844, a host of large etchings to a romantic sort of biography of Savage, the poet, Albert Smith's "Jack Ledbury," to "Stanley Thorn," and stories and sketches innumerable beside; in other periodicals or in sepa-

—as showing noble talents never rightly employed, rare gifts unsuspected by his contemporaries, and a tragic force which he hardly suspected himself.

It does not appear from any record of Leech's life within reach at what time he had his experience of the hunting-field. That he always loved horses is evident, and that he owned them and enjoyed riding; it must have been his custom from an early day to take a two-days' winter run into the country, visiting some friend in the hunting districts. By the time he was thirty-five, the long series of his hunting-field pictures begins, not to cease



NO. 10.—FOX-HUNTERS IN THE DAYS OF SQUIRE WESTERN.

rately published volumes, illustrations to some of the most purely farcical of English publications,—“Christopher Tadpole” and Theodore Hook’s “Jack Bragg,”—and, finally, the hundreds of pictures, large and small, in the “Handley Cross Series” of sporting novels. These and such as these are almost the only books he illustrated; this and such as this was the only work given him to do. “Punch” was almost the only field for his graver thoughts, and in “Punch” the graver thoughts could not be too often made prominent. It is not customary to consider Leech as an unfortunate man, an artist who never had a chance; but an essay could be written treating of his art from that point of view,

till his death. In “Punch” for 1855, we find “The Parson in the Ditch,” which, reduced only slightly in scale, gives us our cut No. 9, the work of Mr. Tynan. “I say, Jack! who’s that come to grief in the ditch?” “Only the parson.” “Oh! leave him there, then! He wont be wanted until next Sunday!” Such are the gracious remarks of the young Nimrods. The picture is selected on account of its landscape background. Leech’s professed admirers, writing soon after his death in 1864, have much to say about his love of, and power over, landscape, but a plenty of designs could be brought to show how carelessly he could draw out-of-door nature, and how seldom,



Putting his Pipe out.
Acute Lad. "Hi, Bobby! Inspector a-coming—better give us your pipe" (and the Inspector wasn't coming but the precocious youth wanted a bit of tobacco.)



Those Boys again.
Small Arab Sun, was t' 'o stout party who has come up for
the Cable Show):—"Now then, Shadder, clear the Course!"

in his earlier life, he seems to have cared to give it especial thought. Still, this one must be accepted at full! This is really a capital distance,—flat and leading far away,—a December country-side in England, as

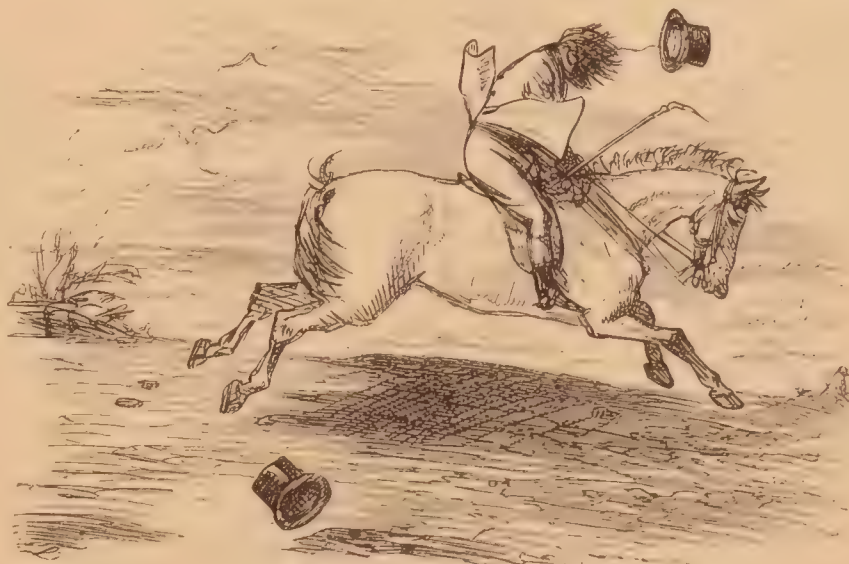


NO. 11.—GIRL'S HEAD.

if of April with us; and this is only the first of a great many landscape bits equally good and suggestive, which accompany the hunting-scenes and go far to reconcile one to their constant recurrence.

For, indeed, to any one who respects the history and believes in the continued manliness and virtue of English national character, the modern abandonment of the whole nation to sport seems a wretched thing; and it is pitiful to see the unquestioning way in which so able and amiable a man gives up his time to representing the incidents of the hunting-field. The ways and manners of the young patricians are not a whit more amusing than those of London omnibus drivers and cabbies—as Leech represents them. They say things not nearly so witty; there is no room for pathos; there is actually nothing delightful about it but the horses and the landscape, and, to the young swells themselves and their families, the constant contemplation of themselves engaged in their

favorite pursuit. Our good-natured moralist enters into the spirit of many classes of men, and gives us with equal hand scenes of life on sea and on shore, in the streets and in the fields; and it is all life, tragedy and comedy, business and rest, mingled in due proportion. But these scores of pictures, all devoted to one of the many sports which have for their very nature the cruel destruction of animals,—this amusement of chasing and tearing to pieces a beast who is cared for and made much of in his native haunts, for the very purpose of this chase, is a hard thing to an outsider. It is pleasanter to turn back over a few pages of "Punch" to the famous cartoon, "Général Février turned Traitor." The Czar Nicholas, then at war with France and Great Britain, was reported to have said that his two best generals had not yet come—"Général Janvier et Général Février." But he died, self-slain, as it almost seemed, at the close of the following February, and Leech's picture shows a uniformed skeleton entering the tent amid a whirling snow-storm, which follows and surrounds him, and laying his hand on the heart of the emperor, whose dead face in profile is admirably designed. This is a bit of that perfervid patriotism which in war time is good and true, and which, in memory of war time, seems true still. Leech was busily at work at this time, nearly forty years of age, prosperous, established, and famous, and the titles alone of the books he illustrated during the decade would fill a couple of these printed pages. He made a number of designs for other illustrated papers, and in 1856, for the "Illustrated London News," two of his very largest



NO. 12.—A FOLLOWING WIND.

and most elaborate pictures, celebrated ones, too, "Fox-hunters in the Good Old Times," and "Fox-hunters in these Degenerate Days." The former of these is given in cut No. 10, engraved on a scale



NO. 13.—A SWELL.

of less than one-half that of the original, but admirably well done—the work of Mr. Carson. It needs no description. The other picture represents decorous, dress-coated men, young and old, mingling with ladies in the drawing-room after dinner.

In 1859 was started "Once A Week," by the same house which had owned and issued "Punch" from a few weeks after its first appearance. During the first year Leech contributed thirty-one drawings to that weekly, besides about one hundred and fifty to "Punch," and whatever work other publications may have called for. The only thing we can give from "Once a Week" is the little head of the young lady swimming,—part of a decorated initial letter T (No. 11). But that volume and its earliest successors are crowded with good things, by Charles Keene, Millais and other men, and, as we have seen, by Leech. In the second volume, 1860, he is in prodigious force, and if one ever feels like denying an especially comic gift to Leech, he will feel doubtful on the point when he examines the illustrations to "Divorce *a Vinculo*, or the Terrors of Sir Creswell Creswell."

About this time he traveled on the Continent in search of renewed health, and thence was sent to "Punch" that great piece of work, "A Bull-Fight at Bayonne, with a little of the tinsel off, dedicated with every feeling of disgust to the nobility, gentry and clergy, especially of Spain and France." Wretched, worn-out horses with blindfolded eyes, held up, a defenseless and unconscious mark for the attack of bulls purposely infuriated, while "matadors" and "picadors" easily escape,

—this is the subject of the large cut whose details we will not describe. Cut No. 12 is also from "Punch," and gives another nice bit of suggested landscape. There's another member of the hunt behind the wind-buffed rider whom we see, not yet in sight except as to his hat, which precedes him in the gale. Cut No. 13 is also from "Punch," and appears to be meant for a swell of the Dundreary sort, reading a savage attack on the Times and on England in an Irish paper, but as it is only used to ornament the initial letter of an article, its meaning is not to be asked after too closely. This head and whiskers remind one of the capital picture, too big to get into our brief space, of the two swells at Sothorn's "American Cousin," between the acts: "No fellah ever saw such a fellah. Gwoss cawica-tawaw!" Cut No. 14 is from "Puck on Pegasus,"—a volume of very slight and temporary verse, by Mr. H. Cholmondeley-Pennell,—and is taken chiefly for the landscape. The verse requires the "Primeval Forest" for "Piggy-wiggy" to emerge from; but this grassy bank and these small crowded stems are as little like it as may be.

The year 1864 came, and found our admirable artist still at work as vigorously as ever; not robust, not rugged, but in seeming good health and spirits, and fit to live and work for years. To "Punch" for that year he had contributed eighty pictures, when, on the fifth of November, appeared a very amusing cut: An Irishman, dreadfully maltreated in a street fight, is taken charge of by his wife, while a capitally indicated group of the victor and his friends is seen in the distance, and two little Irish boys nearer. "Terence, ye great ummadawn," says the "wife of his bussum" to the vanquished hero, "what do yer git into this Thrubble fur?" Says the hero, in response: "D'ye call it Thrubble, now? Why, it's Engyement." It is as good a thing as ever Leech did—as good a cut as ever was in "Punch." When he laid his pencil down beside this drawing, it was never to take it up again; and six days before the appearance of the paper in which the cut was published, he had passed away. In his death there was taken from modern England her closest observer and most suggestive delineator of men and women. To the great Cruikshank, human character was rather a thing to draw inspiration from than simply to portray: Oliver Twist and Jack Falstaff, in Cruikshank's work, are conceptions as completely abstract as his fairies and witches. If the

reader will look back to the July number of this magazine, he will see how much more varied and how much more imaginative and powerful is Cruikshank's art. But he could never have done what Leech did, still less what Leech might have done. To represent every class of English life, and the peculiar types of form and character, developed in different parts of the kingdom, with sympathizing and loving touch, and to contrast with these pictures of his countrymen many studies of foreign life, almost as thorough and accurate, though often touched with that pleasant exaggeration, which

makes some portraiture more like than life; to do this was Leech's appointed task, and to a certain extent he fulfilled it. In one sense, his art is monotonous; its range is limited; a hundred pictures could be selected which would show all that Leech achieved during his too brief career of twenty-five years. But the pleasure this body of work is capable of giving is not limited by its narrowness of range; every fresh design is a fresh enjoyment, however like it is to the last. And there is not one which is not pure and refined in thought and purpose.

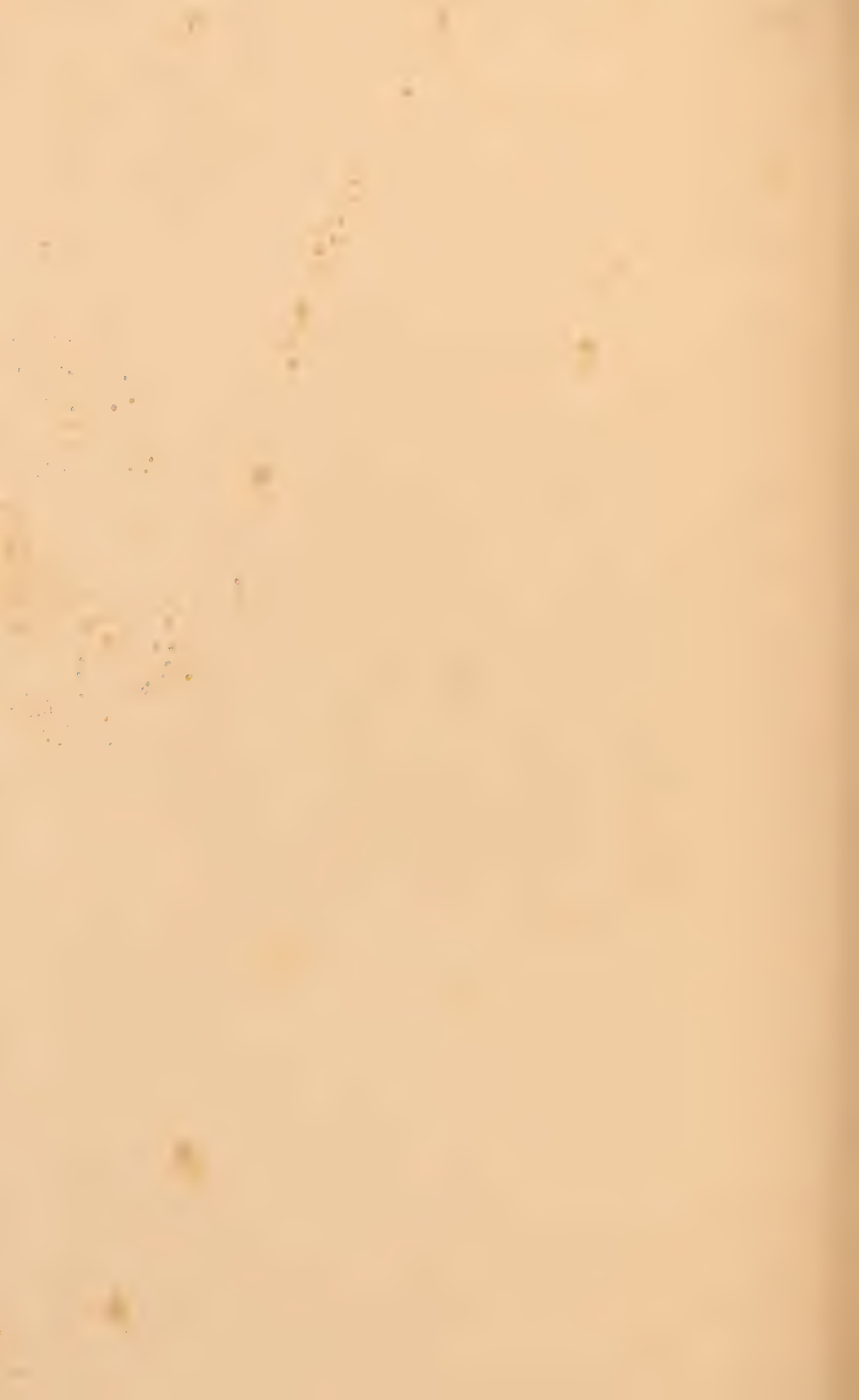


NO. 14.—ILLUSTRATION TO "PUCK ON PEGASUS."

GERTRUDE.

WHAT shall I say, my friend, my own heart healing,
 When for my love you cannot answer me?
 This earth would quake, alas, might I but see
 You smile, death's rigorous law repealing!
 Pale lips, your mystery so well concealing,
 May not the eloquent, varied minstrelsy
 Of my inspired ardor potent be,
 To touch your chords to music's uttered feeling?—
 Friend, here you cherished flowers. Send me now
 One ghostly bloom to prove that you are blessed.
 No?—If denial such as brands my brow,
 Be in your heavenly regions, too, confessed,
 Oh may it prove the truth that your still eyes
 Foresee the end of all futurities!













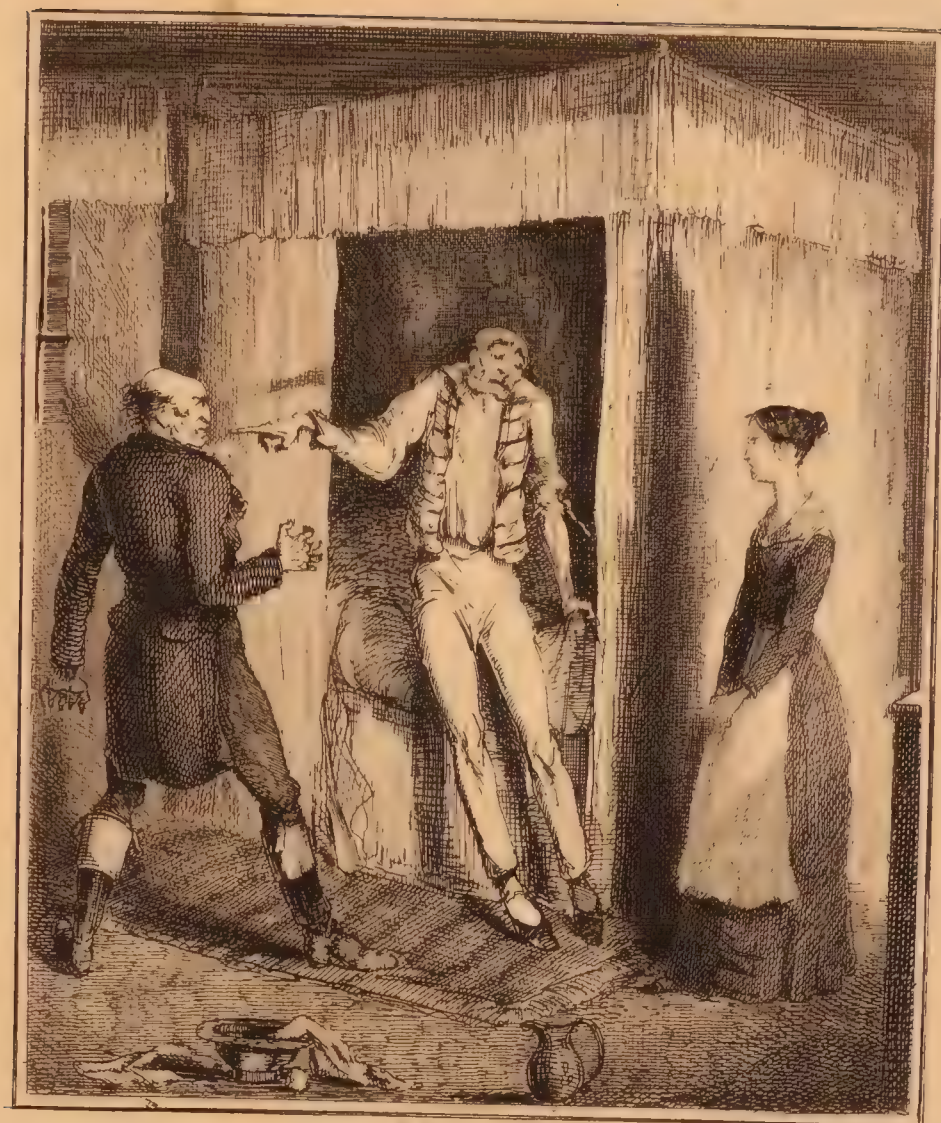
















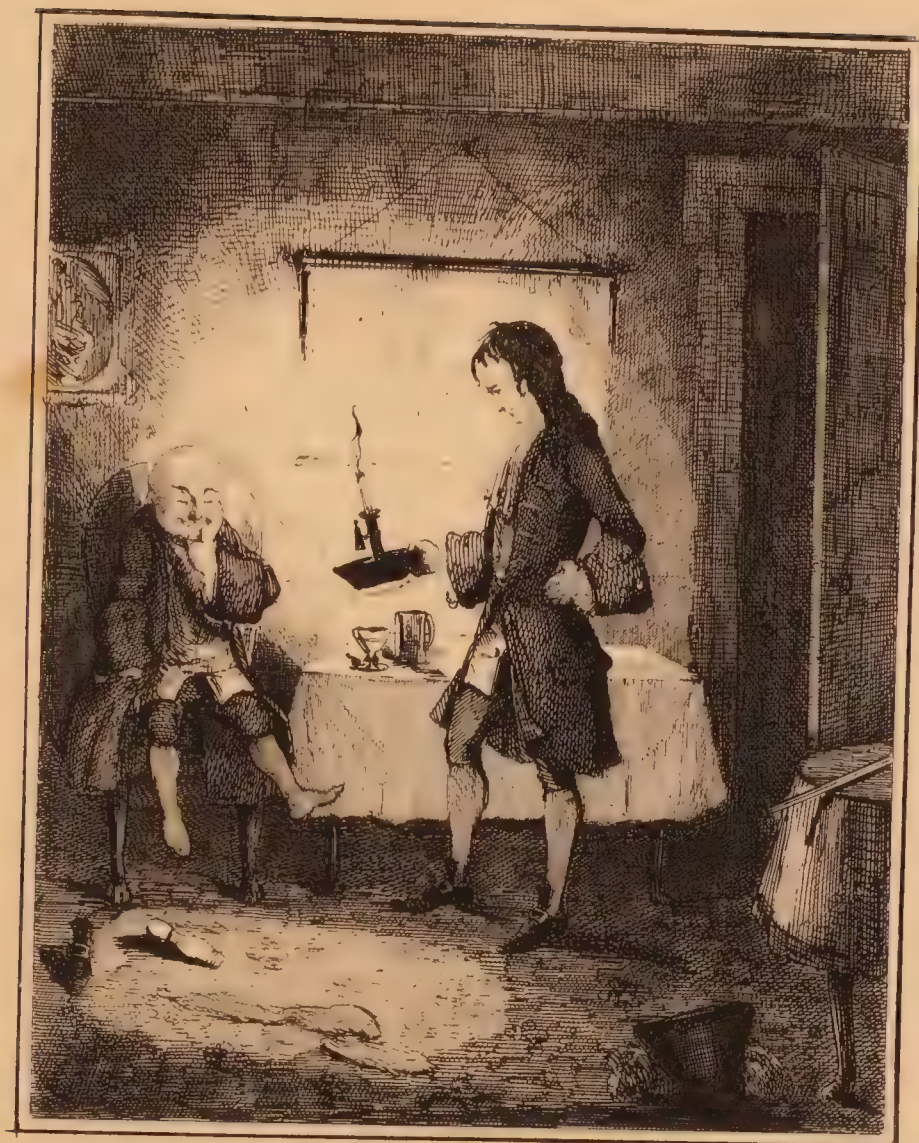
L. Verelst













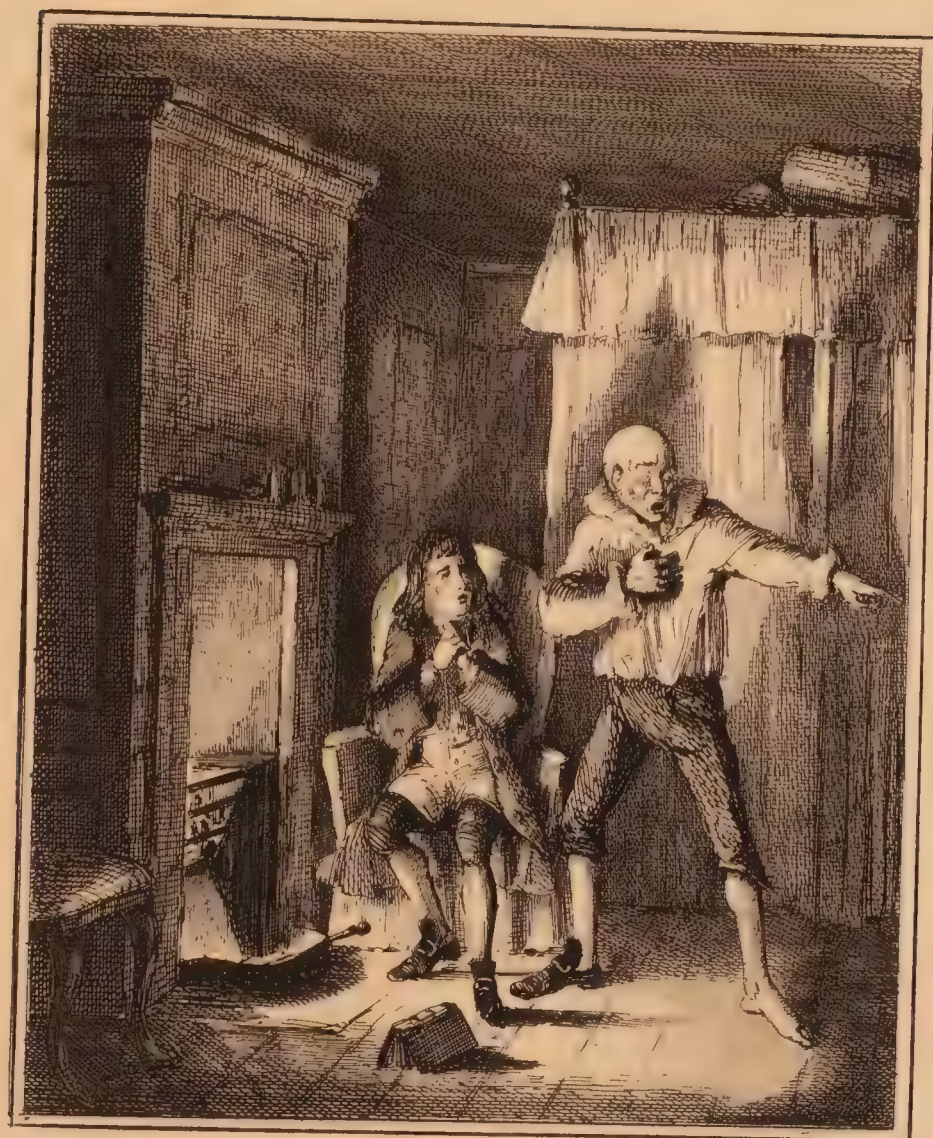






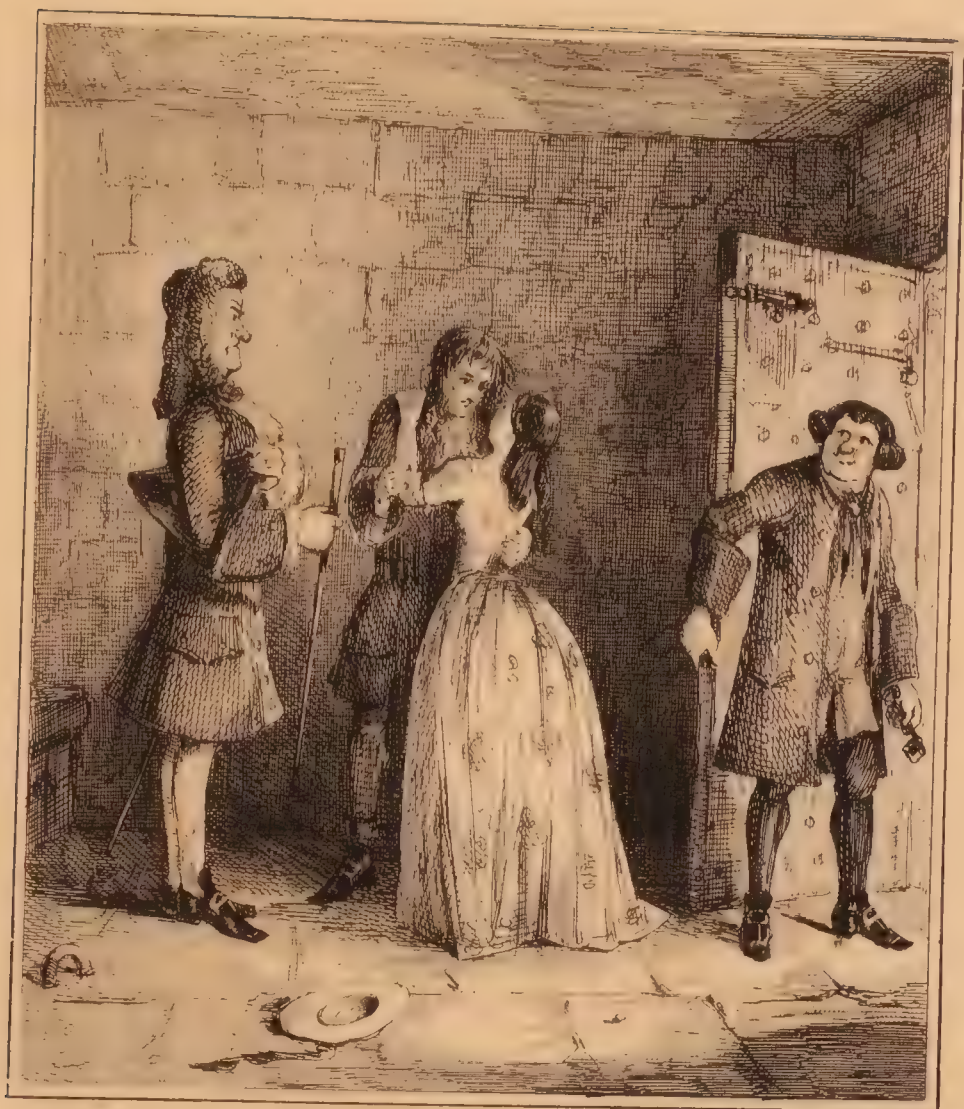








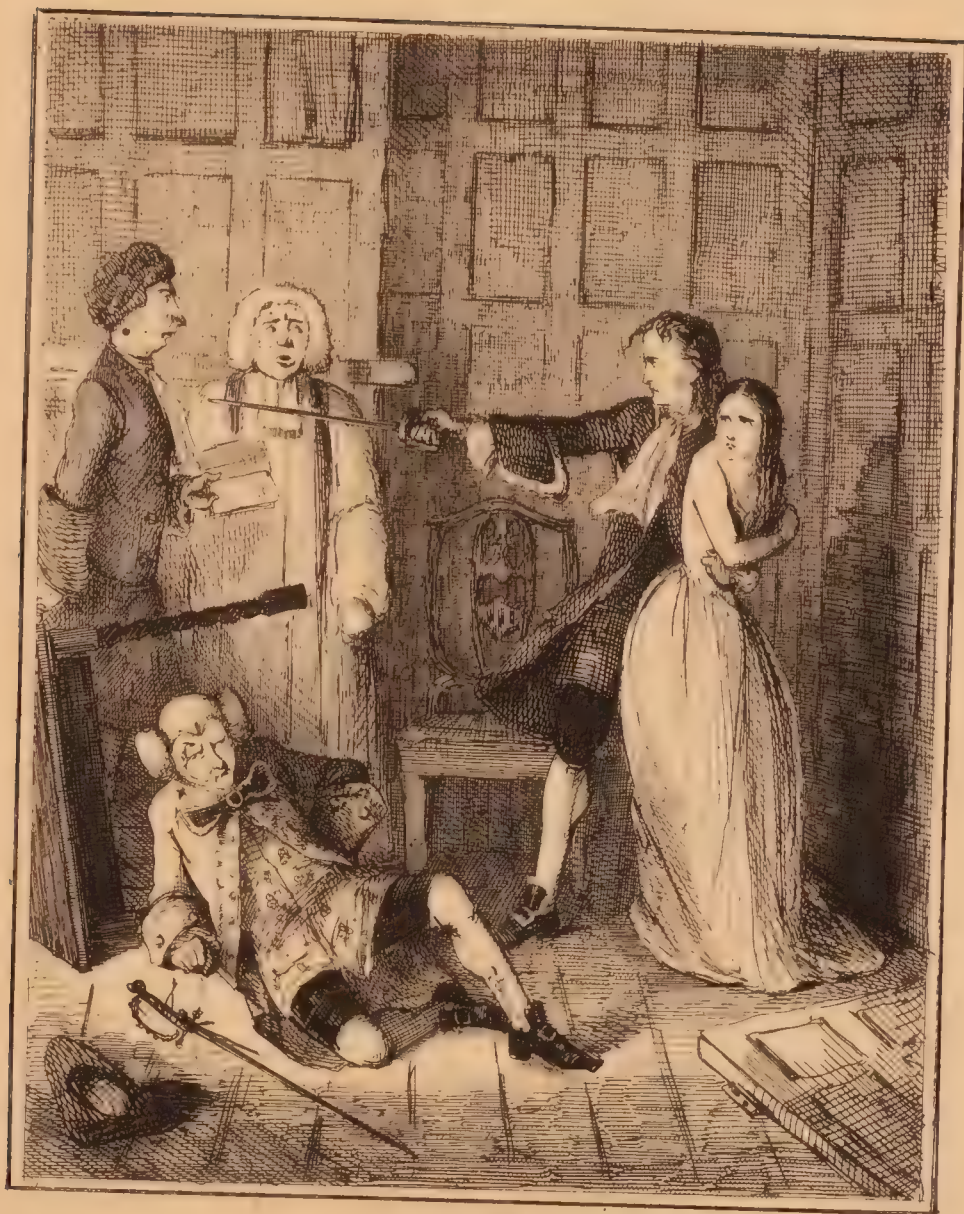
J. Luckin.



225











John Leech



















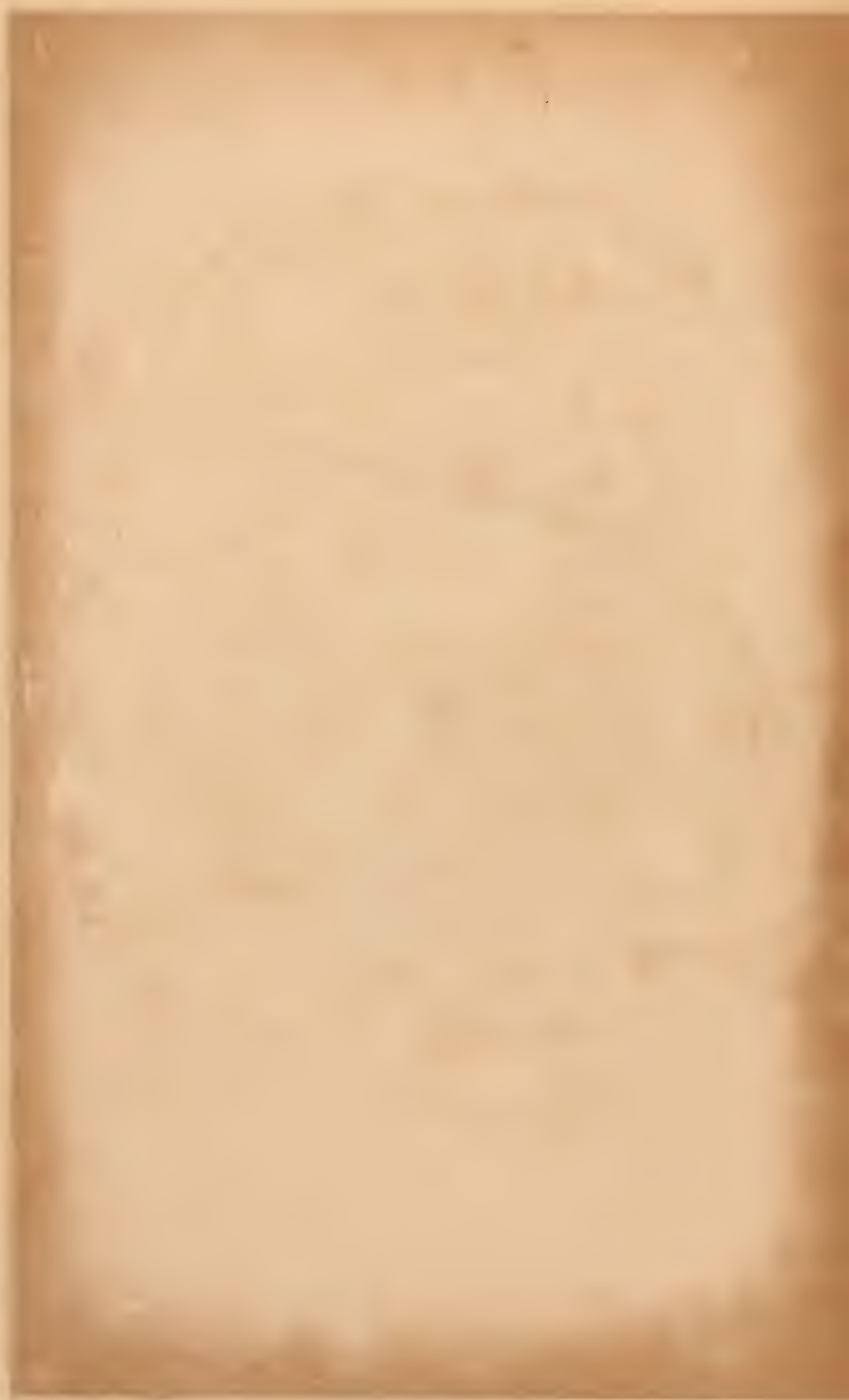


London. Henry Selburn. G'Madlborough street 1842.





W. D.













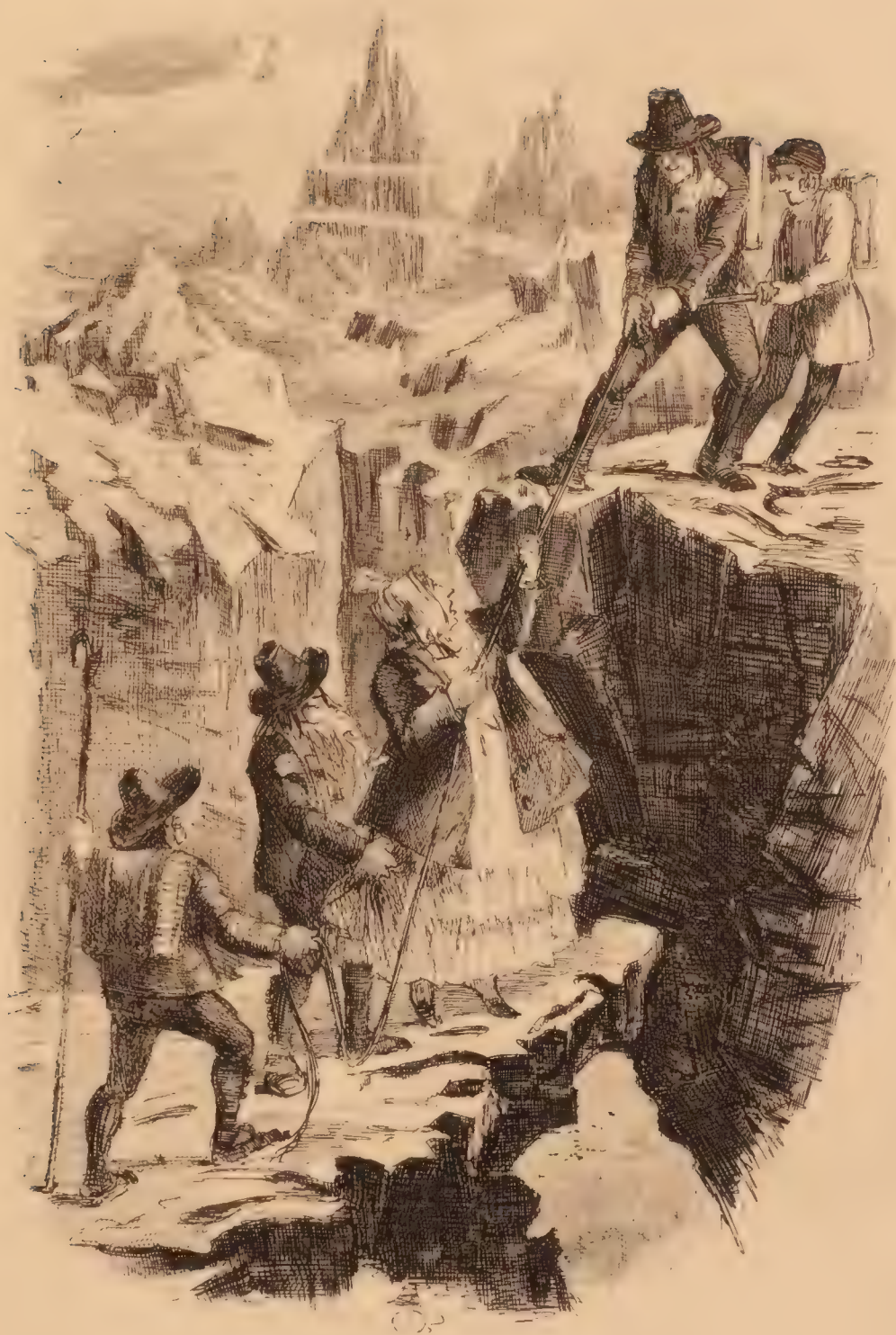






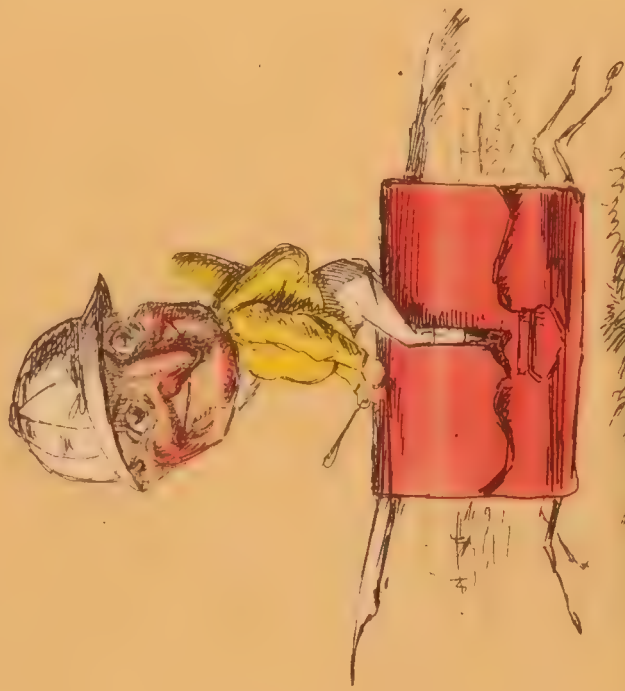


John & Co.



Mont Blanc

THE QUEST OF THE ADAR



By John Teech

A Series of Coloured Etchings from Punch's Pocket Books 1844-1864. With some Notes by Shirley Brooks.

BRADBURY, EVANS & CO, 11 BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.

GRATIFICATION at the idea of associating, however slightly, my own name with that of my dear friend JOHN LEECH, is my excuse for at once assenting to the suggestion that I should write "some notes" to accompany the following plates. But on taking pen in hand I perceived that I had undertaken a work of supererogation. It is useless to describe pictures that lie before a reader and tell their own tale at first-hand, and it is perhaps a little worse than useless to invite attention to merits which the public has appreciated so heartily that a scrap or a sketch of JOHN LEECH is almost as convertible as a bank-note. It seemed to me, therefore, that my best course was a very prosaic one. I have annexed as letter-press to these pictures from MR. PUNCH'S POKET-BOOKS a very slight, gossiping chronology of the years in which the drawings respectively appeared, jottings—it might be—from one's private entries in those pocket-books themselves. The work is, of course, quite out of the jurisdiction of criticism; and if the memoranda should enable any of my younger friends to adjust a single drawing-room dispute without waking Paterfamilias from his after-dinner nap, I shall—if apprised of the fact—be perfectly contented.

KENT TERRACE,
REGENT'S PARK.

S. B.

4844

FASHIONS FOR 1844.

fashions for 1844.



AH, YOUNG LADIES! What have you there?

(The following observations, which are totally uncalled for, are made by our friend Mr. Mangnall Pinnock, an elderly and exceedingly well-informed Bore and Twaddle, with a wonderful memory. The



feeling prevalent among the party who are looking over the pictures is that they would much prefer not to be favoured with his annotations, but then, you see, he is a relative of the family, and rich.) Fashions for 1844. Dear me, how clever! An imitation, you perceive, of a tailor's picture of his various clients. I remember that style of dress, and really it is hardly caricatured. 1844, young ladies. Not many of you will admit that you were alive when that plate was published. I was a young man, a very young man, of course (*not so certain*), but I remember that the year was a busy one. We had visits from the Emperor of Russia, Nicholas of the Mild Eyes, you know, and poor Louis Philippe, and we fidgetted about an invasion, as we have done since. That year we were all so angry with Sir James Graham, for looking into our letters in the Post Office—how would you like it? *Orlando* won the Derby. Well, let me see—yes, there was a wonderful invention for blowing up ships, but it has come to nothing, like

most new-fangled things. But I'll tell you what marked that year, and I am sure that it will interest you to know it, ha! ha! The Polka came in, and we were all hopping about and pantomiming away, for it was an elaborate dance, I assure you, quite a carpet ballet, and it required a—a—good figure, and presence of mind to perform it before a room full of spectators. Dear me, how well I remember a lady in a green velvet dress, and grapes in her hair—but never mind that now. (*They do not, in the least.*) Then there was another feature—that was Tom Thumb, the idol of the ladies. I detest such things, but he was a great success, and queens made him presents, while Mr. Haydon, the painter, in the next room to the dwarf, was penniless. We had, moreover, a wonderful conjuror, Herr Döbler, in my mind much better than any we now have; but then your pert brother, Miss Rosa, calls me a *laudator temporis acti*, and I refer you to him for an explanation. Döbler was a very clever fellow—as Gay wrote about the Juggler who was challenged by Vice, and defeated:—

“The cards, obedient to his words,
Were by a fillip turned to birds,
His little boxes changed the grain,
Trick after trick deludes the train.”



4849

HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY.

Wiggledy-Wiggledy.



DEAR ME, that illustrates what I was saying. Mr. Leech took the idea of general insurrection and socialism and all that, and made it the subject of this clever domestic picture—everybody is rebelling against the unfortunate master of the house. Look at those girls with Phrygian caps—the caps of Liberty. What a scramble! But what were we about—let me think—in 1849? Ah! there was the Punjaub business, and brave old Charley Napier went off to put down the mutiny: he told the officers that all the baggage they wanted was a piece of soap and a toothbrush. Our friend Louis Napoleon had become President, but he was keeping his army well in hand, in case there might be any forcible objections to his rule. The Queen paid a visit to Ireland, and undid in a few days all that the treason-mongers had been doing for years. But some foolish folks made a noise at home, because the new florin, which was then issued, did not bear the initials of the Latin words meaning that she was the Defender of the Faith. Yes, you are right, the

letters were put on in the subsequent coinage, so the faith was made quite safe. And the Queen did a very kind and queenly thing this year. A person had been vilifying her and her family, and for a long time doing everything to annoy them: he was thrown into prison for debt contracted in that way—his wife petitioned the Queen, and Her Majesty ordered a most Christian letter to be returned, in which his offence was pointed out, and £180 was enclosed, to take him out of gaol and set him on his legs. *Flying Dutchman* won the Derby. A love of my youth re-appeared at the Opera, Madame Sontag, and she looked so well that we all believed a hoax had been practised, and that it must be her daughter whom we beheld. Meyerbeer's grand opera, the *Prophet*, came out at Covent Garden, and that was a musical event, if you like. I got some little credit by my own singing—

[Sings in a small voice.

“Beviam, e intorno giri
Il nettare spumante.”

4850

A SOCIAL SKETCH.

A Social Sketch.



HIS is the Communistic idea, and wonderfully worked out. Look at the black gentleman: he has evidently been paying his sable attentions to the young lady, and the white gentleman has forgotten all the true principles of brotherly love, and is giving it him hot. This 1850 was a busy year. A certain party managed to carry a resolution in Parliament condemning all Sunday labour in the Post Office. Government was determined to let them see what would follow, and obeyed. The country was at once plunged into confusion and rage. People could not hear of their sick relations, merchants did not get orders in time, bankers' business was deranged, and social discomfort was never greater, I think. The innovators were particularly glad to let things drop back, silently, into the old grooves. This year we were all alive, preparing for the First Great Exhibition, and the excitement about disfiguring the Park was excessive. Then the designs for the building were all so preposterous that it seemed at one time that Prince

Albert would not be able to carry out the scheme. Only, one day, Sir Joseph Paxton quietly produced a drawing, on a sheet of blotting-paper, and the thing was settled. Our fat friend the Hippopotamus arrived, and was quite the lion of the season—no, he shared that honour with another great Oriental, the Nepaulese Ambassador—a gentleman, my dears, whose character was a mixture of Richard the Third and any private person you like to name in Madame Tussaud's criminal collection, but he was made an idol of by the ladies, especially as he was said to be in the habit of presenting diamonds to any lady whom he thought handsome. This year *Voltigeur* won the Derby; and we had the dreadful disturbance about Papal aggression—and—I don't know whether any of you have what used to be called Puseyite proclivities, but about this time our friends of the Mock Turtle were rather in evidence, and Mr. Douglas Jerrold wrote:—

"They want to bring back John Bull to John Calf—but it won't do."



4852

PROGRESS OF BLOOMERISM.

Progress of Bloomerism.



A! THERE the said costume is. I don't say that the old lady does not look ridiculous, but what's the matter with the young ones? The eye gets used to anything in a month; look at your ridiculous Empress-bonnets—however, I am in a helpless minority—I am dumb.

(*They wish he was.*) This was 1852. We had a good deal of politics at this time, and Lord Palmerston kept his friends in hot water; but you don't care about that, or to be told that Lord Derby came into power. But you will, I dare say, remember that this year we lost the Great Duke, and most of you may have seen his funeral in November. You have not seen his monument, I dare say, nor have I; but then we do things leisurely in England. Nelson has not been dead much more than sixty years, and his column is not complete, so that fifteen years or so is not to be considered anything like a delay. I don't seem to think that there was much this year in your way. *Daniel O'Rourke* won the Derby. There was the

Johanna Wagner excitement—the lady whose father frankly expounded the estimate which the Continent sets upon English patronage of music. “England is to be valued only for her money.” Do you know that the same feeling is widely spread over Europe, in spite of all our attempts to demonstrate that we are a musical people?—the answer is, “Where is your native school, and do you encourage your own composers?” Has any one of you ladies brought an English song in your black roll to-night? We shall hear. Crochet was all the rage this year, and everybody was dropping sixteen and carrying twenty-seven, and chain-stitching and looping, until one was tired of seeing those wretched little square blue and yellow books lying about. The schoolboys used to tease their sisters with all sorts of irreverent songs about it:

“Take up twenty-six,

Pass over ninety-two;

Put down six and carry four,

And let the rest walk.”

may Love? -

I have not time to read it, nor will I be able to see the Doctor.

Greenwich

Tattersall's report is I want to look at
a copy for a story I got and find it

write your J^r won't have no
smoking in the Nursery!



4853

ALARMING PROSPECT.

Alarming Prospect.



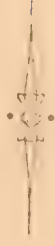
HERE, I told you so. Mr. Leech was not likely to miss such a subject. The gold has been discovered, and away go all the ladies to the diggings, despising the humble fortunes of resident lovers. Talking of lovers naturally reminds me of portraits; and this year, 1853, photography advanced to the dignity of a recognized institution. The Photographic Society was established. No less a man than our admirable Judge, Lord Chief Justice Pollock, is its head, and I dare say that when he looks down upon pert barristers, stolid jurors, sneaking witnesses, and depraved prisoners, he often sees specimens of a remarkable kind, and perhaps wishes that it would not be a little outside the dignity of a Judge to send for his camera, and catch the likenesses. An American Judge did so once, having an idea that a witness meant to bolt, and being determined that he should not escape—so the police were furnished with copies, the evidence was secured, and the culprit convicted. Our friend Mr. Gladstone was in office again this year, and promised that the Income Tax should come off in 1860, but

it didn't. We had a great military treat this summer, the camp at Chobham. Do any of you remember how capitally Leigh Murray played the officer, with Miss Mary Keeley, in Mr. Mark Lemon's little comedy about the camp? That was high-class acting, and I wish we had more like it. *West Australian* won the Derby. But this year we were very grave. We were drifting into what turned out a very dreadful war. The Russians had been led to believe that nothing would make us fight, for that we cared for nothing but our trade, and therefore they supposed that they might do as they pleased, you see, with Turkey. A great many well-meaning, but short-sighted, people helped to keep up this delusion, and it cost us a fearful expenditure of lives and money. That's gone and past, and I hope that we have seen the last of our fights, for I agree with Mr. Cowper:—

“War's a game that, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at.”

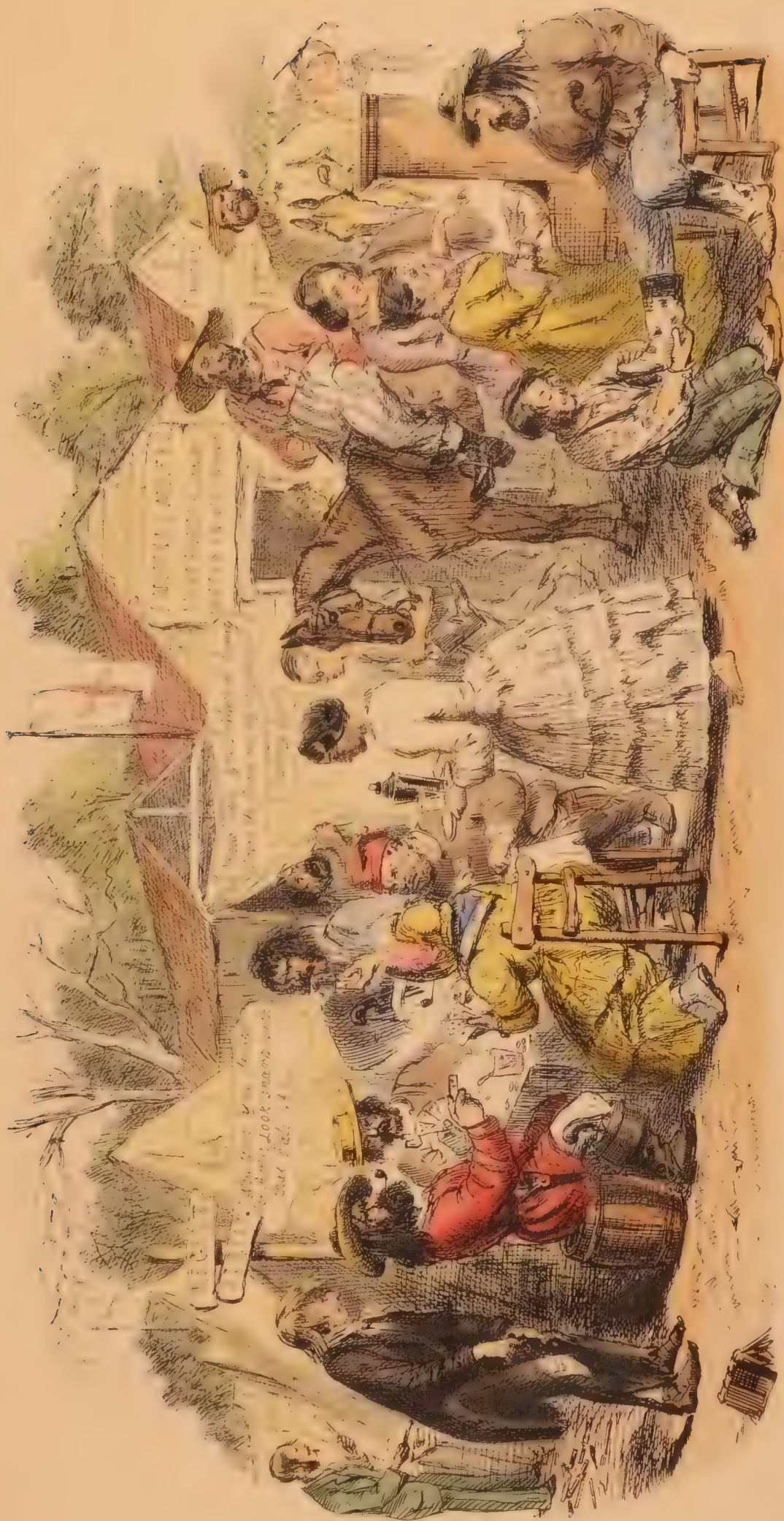
4854

TOPSY-TURVY.



YOU SEE that some of the people who went out to the diggings did not improve their social position. Brute strength was master out there, and all else had to submit. Look at the pretty girl trying to teach the notes to that coarse old she-digger, with the black eye, and the other lady, without shoes and stockings, carrying liquor to the brutes at the table. But we had not much thought for the Antipodes this year, 1854. We had got into the Crimean War. The Queen reviewed the Baltic Fleet early in March, and a glorious sight it was. The most striking sight was when, at the signal gun, the whole line, "heaving many a mile," was suddenly enveloped in white smoke, and a long cloud was all that could be seen instead of the stately ships. The scene paid me for the awful bore of going down to Portsmouth, and the worse bore of coming up. Then war was declared against Russia, and from that time and for some years, all our thoughts were military. We had a fast-day at the beginning of the struggle, and then we waited to hear news of the first blow. It soon came, for this was the year of the Alma, of the charge of the Six Hundred, and of the Soldiers' Battle, *liberty*.

But we had some pleasanter passages in the year's history. *Andover* won the Derby. The people around Hyde Park would not hear of the Exhibition building remaining there, and they were quite right; but England had become so attached to the new style of glass architecture, and to the comfort of a winter garden, that it was resolved to reproduce the building with all kinds of fresh features. There was an attempt to have it nearer London than Sydenham, but this failed, and under Sir Joseph Paxton's direction the Crystal Palace arose. Its name was given by Mr. Punch. The building was opened with great splendour, in June, by the Queen, and the Archbishop delivered a prayer; and if you say that rope-walking, and mummers, and Ethiopian serenaders, and fireworks, are not quite amusements of the class that was originally intended, when the Queen and the Archbishop were there, I don't know what answer to make, except that there are much better things there for those who have refined tastes. And it is a comfort for middle-aged gentlemen, who are tired of travelling, to be able to stroll in and quietly



LOOK JIMMIE'S WAY

4855

A PRIZE-BABY SHOW.

A Prize-Baby Show.



ALL OF YOU think that cut particularly charming, I dare say. As a work of art it is, but—I can't help it—babies don't delight me. It is not that I dislike them particularly—they are ugly enough—all young animals are ugly—but that I am positively afraid of them. Notice, however, the bit of grim teaching at the extreme right of the picture—the stunted little wretch dragged up as too many thousands are, I fear. I fancy that there had been Baby Shows (an abominable American invention) in the previous year, but Leech could turn everything “to favour and to prettiness.” 1855—yes, the war was proceeding, and there was great dissatisfaction at home. It was said that the Ministry were without vigour, and that the war was starved. So in February, Lord Palmerston was called in, and his energy gave new life to the army. In March the great enemy, Nicholas, was struck down, and it was instantly felt that peace was possible. But there was stern work to be done first. The grand attack on Sebastopol was made in September, and the Malakoff and Redans became words never to be forgotten in English history. The Russians gave up the game, and about six months later we proclaimed peace. This is a grave subject to talk about, but since you are so good as to listen to my

recollections, I could not well leave it out. However, now for lighter matters. *Wild Dayrell* won the Derby. There was a great endeavour this year to make the people keep Sunday in what is called the Sabbatarian style, and it caused a vast excitement class was set against class, and people who had nothing to do with the proposed folly were ill-treated because they belonged to the superior orders. Upon my word this has not been a very lively year to talk about, and it does not lighten the story much to tell you that this was the year in which old Father Thames became absolutely intolerable as a perfumer. His purification became essential, but it was ten years later before any great thing in that way was completed; and though I hear of fish being found lower down than ever, we have not had a vision like that beheld by a certain poet who, in a parody of Mr. Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, declared that

“The wave it was as crystal bright

You saw white sand below,

And flounders, gudgeon, roach, and dace

Shot flitting to and fro.

The jolly salmon heaved his jowl,

The whitebait glanced like gems;

In short, all kinds of finny fowl

Were swimming in the Thames.”



4856

THE QUIET STREET.

The Quiet Street.



HATS a subject on which I shall get no sympathy. You young ladies are very merciless in this respect, and you send out sixpences to those brown, grinning, insolent fellows, and encourage them to annoy quiet folks. I can't help being warm about it, I feel it a grievance. If you only knew what bad fellows they are—many of them spies—you would not give them money. Haven't you got your own pianofortes, and can't you go to the opera almost when you like? Let them go and play in the courts and alleys, but they ought not to be allowed to grind out the nerves of people who hate them. I am better, thank you. This year, 1856, we had the Peace Fireworks, and though they were miserably inferior to those in Paris, some of the grand flights were fine. The officers all came home, with their Crimean beards, and ever since it has been the fashion for every snob to let his face be covered all over with hair—I hate the fashion, for it makes everybody look like everybody else. Covent Garden Theatre was burned down, after a low masquerade, and the sight of the ruins made me melancholy for about a week. I returned to W. of my

again upon such—never mind. This year crinoline fully asserted itself as the regular national costume, and it has held its own ever since, because the dress is the most expensive that can be devised, and we are all the slaves of trades-persons whose interest it is to sell dear things. Why don't you ladies adopt a simple black, as we do, and wear it always, then there would be no fear of going out twice in the same garment, and you would save hundreds, which you could spend in travelling or sea-side sojourns? Not you. Let me see, *Ellington* won the Derby. *Hiawatha* came out this year, and the novelty of the rhythm made it talked about, to say nothing of the beauty of much of the poetry. But the great poets of the year were the makers of American ballads, which were sung by actresses. Do any of you recollect them at the Adelphi? Mrs. Barney Williams was most brilliant in this line.

“The lobster in the lobster pot,
The blue fish wriggling on the hook,
May suffer *some*, but O no not
The pangs I feel for my Mary Anne!”

2nd Edition

LILLY LKINS & HIS DINAH

Red, White & Bl

Pop! goes The

Chilodactylus

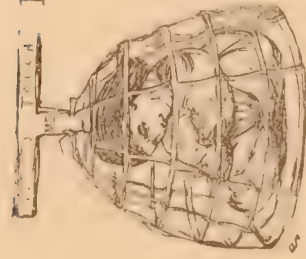
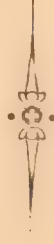
1

The Second Street Market - New York

4857

DRESSING FOR THE BALL.

Dressing for the Ball.



HAT'S a charming glimpse at the Mysteries, I'm sure. The old hag by the toilette table is your real ruler, ladies, and I wish you joy of her. This year, 1857, was one of trouble and of tragedy. We had a Chinese war, and an Indian mutiny; but we got through them.

The Americans had just done us a very good turn. Just before the year began, one of our Arctic ships, the *Resolute*, which had been abandoned by us, was recovered by an American vessel, refitted over the water, and presented to us in the most graceful manner. So we were drinking all kinds of good wishes, at the festive season, to our cousins; and I think that we might as well remember this and many similar things, instead of offences, which should be forgiven and forgotten on both sides. That's a Christmas sentiment, isn't it? We had philosophical discussions this year about the moon's movements, and whether she turns round and round;—I forget which way the question was settled. What concerned us almost as nearly, was Sir Rowland Hill's new subdivision of London into districts, and our all having to learn the bearings, and to know E.C. from S.W. I believe that a great many people have not quite mastered the lesson yet, but we must not be hard

upon stupidity, unless it be wilful. *Blink Bonny* won the Derby. Fearful exposures were made of the ways in which respectable tradesmen adulterate the articles which they sell, and of the mischief caused by bad milk, bad beer, bad drugs, bad pickles, and bad butter. But the system is still pretty much what it was before Dr. Arthur Hassall made his appalling exposures. Dr. Faraday gave the famous lecture upon the Conservation of Forces, which I will not explain to you now, unless you very particularly wish it, but the address excited a great sensation in the scientific world. Then we had some fighting in the musical world, Mr. Sims Reeves having made a gallant stand against the unfair and dishonest practice of obtaining by *encores* twice the quantity of music you had paid for;—sensible folks supported Mr. Reeves, but divers foolish persons clamoured for their alleged right to dictate to an artist as no one would presume to dictate to a tradesman. This June we had the Handel Commemoration, which has since become a Festival, and a fine sight it is. Of course you know what Pope wrote on Handel?—

“Strong in new arms, lo! giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus with a hundred hands:
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.”



During for the Ball, 1857.

4864

VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

Volunteer Mobement.



BEHOLD the gallant volunteer in a new aspect

If I were a young man I should like nothing better than to encounter the dangers of war by the side of that darling creature emerging from the tent. Delightful! Well, who remembers the events of 1861? The American

troubles began, and South Carolina, which has just come back into the Union, was foremost in secession. We might have got into hot water with America, because of the two Southerners being taken out of the Trent, but American sense of justice triumphed. Then began another of the frightful stories we have had to tell, but happily it is all over now. I mean, of course, the American war. Then we were all expected to understand the Schleswig-Holstein question, which was coming up for final settlement. I never pretended to know anything about it.

How were we amusing ourselves? We had Blondin, who brought everybody, high and low, to see him walk along a rope two hundred feet from the ground. The New Horticultural Gardens, at Brompton as I call and mean to call the place, was acquired, and a very good name was given to them—Arcadia. The

Gorilla question came up, and M. Du Chaillu set us all speculating whether our pedigrees were as lofty as we had chosen to believe. He has just come back from Africa again, after a new tour full of adventures and dangers. Mr. Gorilla was the lion of the year. *Kettledrum* won the Derby. The Turkish Bath became generally popular, and people boiled themselves without the least consideration whether boiling was good for them—but it is a tempting luxury, only it makes such a hole in your afternoon. The literary event of the year was the pension which Lord Palmerston granted to the curious person calling himself the Poet Close; out of regard to the proprieties it was found necessary to take it away from the poor doggel-maker, much to his indignation. Our friend Lord John Russell was rewarded for his long political services with the Coronet of a Peer of the Realm. Tom Moore, years before, had done him better service in a poem.

“Like the boughs of the laurel, by Delphi’s decree

Set apart for the Fane, and its service divine,

So the branches that spring from the old Russell tree.

Are by Liberty claimed for the use of her shrine.”



STREET SCENE IN LONDON

1861

Price Two Shillings and Sixpence

A LIST OF WORKS

JOHN LEECH

H. F. & J. CHAMBERS

WILLIAM AND SON
15, NASSAU STREET, LONDON
1851

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF JOHN LEECH

*This Edition is limited to 285 copies, of which
260 are for sale.*

A LIST OF WORKS

CONTAINING ILLUSTRATIONS BY

JOHN LEECH

COMPILED BY

C. E. S. CHAMBERS

WILLIAM BROWN

26 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH

1892

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE following list is compiled chiefly from copies in my own collection, and from Dr John Brown's list; also by reference to numerous catalogues of booksellers and others. The list embraces many items little known to the ordinary collector, and is, I believe, the most complete yet published. There are two items in Dr Brown's list which I have been unable to verify. These are *Master Jacky in Love*, and *A Journey to Pau*, by the Hon. Erskine Murray. The first may have been a work projected by Leech and never carried out; the other was very probably published for private circulation. Neither of them is to be found in the British Museum Library, or in the catalogue of Dr Brown's own library dispersed some years ago in Edinburgh.

My own list may serve as a supplement to Mr W. P. Frith's recently published *Life of John Leech*. I have endeavoured to be as accurate as possible in recording the date of publication of the original issue of each work.

In printing the catalogue considerable space is left at the end of the list for each year. Collectors may, therefore, make manuscript additions of works by Leech known to them and not included in this list.

The blank pages may serve for general memoranda or remarks upon copies of special interest, or lists of the numerous drawings by John Leech with which this catalogue does not profess to deal. A list of many of Leech's drawings and paintings will be found in the catalogue of the library of Mr Crawford J. Pocock, sold in London by Messrs Sotheby, Wilkinson, & Hodge, on June 19th, 1890.

C. E. S. C.

Works Illustrated by John Leech.

LIST OF WORKS

ILLUSTRATED BY

JOHN LEECH.

- 1835 ETCHINGS and SKETCHINGS, by A. Pen, Esq.
"Four quarto sheets, 2s. plain, 3s. coloured."
Political Caricatures, various. (Lithograph.)
"DROLL DOINGS" and "FUNNY CHARACTERS."
Lithographic Plates. W. Spooner.

- 1836 SKETCHES CONTRIBUTED TO BELL'S LIFE.
The most important were, "The Boy's Own Series,"
"Studies from Nature," "Amateur Originals," "The
Ups and Downs of Life, or the Vicissitudes of a
Swell," &c.

- 1837 JACK BRAG. By Theodore Hook.
DESIGN EXECUTED FOR DICKENS' PICKWICK
PAPERS.
First published in the Victoria Edition, 1887.

1838 AMERICAN BROAD GRINS, edited by Rigdum Funnidos, Gent. *H. Leech.*

A Second Edition was published in 1839.

1839 PENCILINGS BY THE WAY. By N. P. Willis.

1840 THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS. 3 vols., 1840, 1842, 1847 (by the Rev. R. H. Barham). Illustrated by R. W. Buss, George Cruikshank, and John Leech.

Leech executed a new set of Drawings on wood for the 4th edition of 1864. Some few copies of this edition have the illustrations coloured.

THE FIDDLE FADDLE FASHION BOOK, AND BEAU MONDE A LA FRANÇAISE, enriched with numerous figures of Lady-like Gentlemen, 4to, 12 pages in wrapper.

PARODY ON THE MULREADY POST - OFFICE ENVELOPE.

THE COMIC ENGLISH GRAMMAR. By Percival Leigh.

THE COMIC LATIN GRAMMAR. By Percival Leigh.

THE LONDON MAGAZINE, CHARIVARI, and COURIER DES DAMES. Illustrated by Leech, Phiz, and Gillray Junior.

Works Illustrated by John Leech

Works Illustrated by John Leech.

THE CLOCK MAKER; or, Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick. By Thomas Chandler Haliburton. 3 vols. Vol. III. (3rd series) contains etchings by John Leech.

PROMETHEUS BRITANNICUS; or, John Bull and the Rural Police: a Tragic Comedy by Rugbœan, 12mo.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY, from 1840 to 1853.

Leech's first illustrations to the above were contained in a review of *The Comic Latin Grammar*. The same year (1840) he began the illustrations to Cockton's *Stanley Thorn*. The volumes for 1853 and 1854 contain Leech's illustrations to the first portion of Shirley Brooks' novel *Aspen Court*. Bentley's Miscellany was not illustrated after the first volume of 1854.

1841 PUNCH. From 1841 to 1864.

THE FORTUNES OF HECTOR O'HALLORAN AND HIS MAN MARK ANTONY O'TOOLE, by W. H. Maxwell.

Issued in monthly parts. The title page of the first edition is undated. The design for the part cover was executed by another artist.

PORTRAITS OF THE CHILDREN OF THE MOBILITY, with characteristic sketches by the author, Percival Leigh (folio). Reprinted in 1875.

COLIN CLINK. By Charles Hooton. 3 vols.

STANLEY THORN. By Henry Cockton. Illustrated by George Cruikshank and John Leech. 3 vols.

Originally published in Bentley's Miscellany.

WRITTEN CARICATURES. A sketch of Peripatetic Philosophy, by Captain Pepper.

THE PORCELAIN TOWER; OR, NINE TALES FROM CHINA. Compiled from original sources, by T. T. T. (Seeley).

1842 HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1842, with 20 illustrations by John Leech, and 16 illustrations by other artists.

DANIEL'S MERRIE ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME. 2 vols.

RICHARD SAVAGE, A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE. By Charles Whitehead. 3 vols.

COLBURN'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND HUMOURIST, edited by Theodore Hook.

Leech's work commenced in 1842 with illustrations to *The Barnabys in America*.

1843 A CHRISTMAS CAROL. By Charles Dickens.

In very early copies the end papers are in green paper.

THE WASSAIL BOWL. By Douglas Jerrold. 2 vols.

A second edition was issued the following year in one volume.

Works Illustrated by John Leech

Works Illustrated by John Leech.

THE BARNABYS IN AMERICA, OR THE ADVENTURES OF THE WIDOW WEDDED. By Mrs Trollope. 3 vols.

Originally published in Colburn's New Monthly Magazine.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE. 4 vols., May 1843 to April 1845.

Originally published in monthly parts.

1844 JESSIE PHILIPPS. By Mrs Trollope.

Commenced in monthly parts in 1843.

THE STORY OF A FEATHER. By Douglas Jerrold.

PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE CHINESE COLLECTION. 12mo.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR LEDBURY AND HIS FRIEND JACK JOHNSON. By Albert Smith. 3 vols.

Originally published in Bentley's Miscellany.

PUNCH'S POCKET BOOK, illustrated by John Leech.

The first volume was issued this year, and preceding volumes were illustrated every year by Leech until his death in 1864.

HOOD'S WHIMSICALITIES, a Periodical Gathering. 2 vols.

Papers reprinted from the New Monthly Magazine. The Preface is dated December 1843. The illustrations were specially designed for this work. A reprint was issued under the title of Hood's Comic Annual for 1846.

THE COMIC ALBUM. By T. Hood. Small 8vo. (Bohn) 1844.

The first issue of "Miss Kilmansegg and her precious Leg," &c. The illustrations are different from those in *Hood's Whimsicalities*.

1845 SNAPDRAGONS FOR CHRISTMAS. *Punch* Office, 1845.

The outside wrapper is dated 1844, the title-page 1845.

THE COMIC ALBUM, a book for every table. The letterpress by G. A. A'Beckett, &c. Illustrated by John Leech, Crowquill, and Hine. (Tinted paper). 4to. Orr & Co.

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER TAKEN AT THE POLICE COURT. By George Hodder.

THE CHIMES. By Charles Dickens.

HINTS ON LIFE; OR HOW TO RISE IN SOCIETY. By C. B. C. Amicus.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S SHILLING MAGAZINE, 1845 to 1848. 7 volumes.

The first four volumes only were illustrated by Leech.

THE FORTUNES OF THE SCATTERGOOD FAMILY. By Albert Smith. 3 vols.

Originally published in Bentley's Miscellany. A new edition in one volume was published in 1853, and another in 1856.

Works Illustrated by John Leech

Works Illustrated by John Leech.

- 1846 THE MARCHIONESS OF BRINVILLIERS. By Albert Smith. Frontispiece by John Leech. Originally published in Bentley's Miscellany. A reprint containing all the Bentley illustrations was published in 1888.

MRS CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES. By Douglas Jerrold.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE. By Charles Dickens.

HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1846.

A reprint of Hood's Whimsicalities, 1844.

THE ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL: HISTORICAL ROMANCES AND LEGENDARY TALES, &c.

SOME ACCOUNT OF MY COUSIN NICHOLAS. By Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq. (Rev. R. H. Barham).

THE QUIZZIOLOGY OF THE BRITISH DRAMA. By Gilbert A. A'Beckett.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF EVENING PARTIES. By Albert Smith.

New editions were issued in 1847 and 1849. The title of the 1849 edition is "The Natural History of Evening Parties," price 1s. The original edition was published at 2s. 6d.

- 1847 THE HANDBOOK OF JOKING; OR, WHAT TO SAY, DO, AND AVOID. By the two Joneses. (Grant.)

HILLSIDE AND BORDER SKETCHES, with Legends of the Cheviots and Lammermoors. 2 vols. By W. H. Maxwell.

A second edition was published in 1849.

THE SILVER SWAN: A FAIRY TALE. By Madame de Chatelain. 12mo.

The illustrations are coloured in some copies.

THE ILLUSTRATED PARLOUR MISCELLANY, containing tales by C. Wells, Mrs White, &c.

THE COMIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Gilbert Abbot A'Beckett. 2 vols.

Issued in monthly parts.

1848 THE HAUNTED MAN. By Charles Dickens.

THE STRUGGLES AND ADVENTURES OF CHRISTOPHER TADPOLE AT HOME AND ABROAD. By Albert Smith.

Published in monthly parts. The design for the part cover was drawn by another artist. A new edition was published in 1854 and another in 1864.

THE RISING GENERATION. By John Leech. 12 coloured drawings on stone, in wrapper. (*Punch* Office.)

JACK THE GIANT KILLER. By the author of "The Comic Latin Grammar." 12 plates printed on green tint, and woodcuts by John Leech, with title printed in amber. Orr & Co. (N.D.)

COMIC NURSERY TALES: Cinderella—Little Red Riding Hood—Jack the Giant Killer—Sleeping Beauty—Blue Beard—Beauty and the Beast—and Robinson Crusoe. By F. W. N. Bayley. Illustrated by Leech, Crowquill, &c. 7 vols. Orr & Co. (N.D.)

Works Illustrated by John Leech.

Works Illustrated by John Leech

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF OLIVER GOLD-
SMITH. By John Forster. In four books.

Book IV. contains two illustrations by Leech.

PUNCH'S ALMANAC FOR 1848. Illustrated by
John Leech and Richard Doyle.

The Almanac for this year was reprinted on large
paper with the illustrations coloured by hand. The
published price, in a special wrapper, was 5s.

1849 THE CROCK OF GOLD. By Martin F. Tupper.

A second edition was issued in 1850 of *The Crock of
Gold, The Twins, and Heart*, in one volume, with
illustrations by John Leech, price 8s.

A MAN MADE OF MONEY. By Douglas Jerrold.

Issued in monthly parts. The part cover was designed
by another artist.

THE LADIES' COMPANION AT HOME AND
ABROAD. Edited by Mrs Loudon. 3 vols.
1849-51.

TOIL AND TRIAL: A STORY OF LONDON LIFE.
By Mrs Newton Crosland (Camilla Toulmin).

Toil and Trial: a Story of London Life, was re-
published in 1850 along with *The Double Claim: a
Tale of Real Life*, by Mrs Hervey. They were
issued in 1 vol. with frontispieces by Leech and
Weir.

THE RAGGED SCHOOL UNION MAGAZINE. 1849,
&c.

Vol. III. (1851) contains a frontispiece by John Leech.

1850 YOUNG TROUBLESOME; OR, MASTER JACKY'S HOLIDAYS. A series of etchings by John Leech. Oblong 8vo. (N.D.)

MASTER JACKY IN LOVE. A Sequel to Young Troublesome. (?)

In Dr Brown's list. Not to be found in British Museum Library.

THE HEIR OF APPLEBITE AND OUR LODGERS. By Mark Lemon.

A JOURNEY TO PAU. By the Honourable Erskine Murray. (?)

In Dr Brown's list. Not to be found in British Museum Library.

PAUL PRENDERGAST; OR, THE COMIC SCHOOLMASTER. 3 parts, viz.—

The Comic English Grammar.

The Comic Eton Grammar.

The Comic Cocker; or, Figures for the Million.

FUN, POETRY, AND PATHOS. By W. Y. Browne.

FLY LEAVES. Lithographic Plates. (*Punch* Office.)

ETCHINGS. 4to. W. Tegg. (N.D.)

This is a reprint of the illustrations to Jack Brag, Hector O'Halloran, and Christopher Tadpole. A second reprint was published in 1870.

THE BOOK OF BRITISH SONG. By George Hogarth. 2 vols. folio. (Virtue) 1850-51. (?)

It is doubtful if Leech made any drawings for this work. See Dr Brown's list.

Works Illustrated by John Leech.

Works Illustrated by John Leech.

1851 GOLDSMITH'S TRAVELLER. Art Union of London, 1851. 4to.

Contains one plate by John Leech.

COMING HOME FROM THE DERBY. (Coloured Panoramic Plates, 12mo, N.D.)

6 ft. 6 in. by 4½ ins.

THE MONTH. A View of Passing Subjects and Manners, Home and Foreign, Social and General. By Albert Smith and John Leech. 2 vols., July-September, October-December, 1851.

THE COMIC HISTORY OF ROME. By Gilbert A. A'Beckett. N.D.

Issued in monthly parts.

BROAD GRINS FROM CHINA.

THE LADIES' MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF FASHION for 1851.

THE BON GAULTIER BALLADS. 3rd edition. (Orr & Co., N.D.)

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," many full page, v.v.

The following important full-page woodcuts appeared in the *Illustrated London News* from 1854 to 1858:—

Foxhunters Regaling in the "Good Old Times."

Foxhunters Regaling in the Present "Degenerate" Days.

The Exmoor Pony Fair at Bampton, Devon.

Hunting in the Holidays.

Very Polite. (This sketch is referred to by Dr John Brown in his Memoir of John Leech.)

"Oh, my Goodness! It's beginning to rain!" A sketch on the Yorkshire Coast.

The Demonstration in Hyde Park.

"Eight hours at the Sea-side."

The First Day of the Season.

Her Majesty's Buckhounds at Salt Hill. "The Last Day of the Season."

"The Font and the Flowers."

"Very Fond of it."

Part of Scarborough.

Skating in Hyde Park.

- 1852 DASHES OF AMERICAN HUMOUR. By H. Howard Paul.

Originally published in numbers, with wrappers.

A STORY WITH A VENGEANCE. By A. B. Reach and Shirley Brooks.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. (Bohn).

PROSE AND VERSE. By Mark Lemon.

COMIC TALES AND SKETCHES. By Albert Smith.

A new edition (undated) was published in 1861.

- 1853 PICTURES OF LIFE AT HOME AND ABROAD. By Albert Smith.

HEART: A TALE OF FALSE WITNESS. By Martin F. Tupper. (See 1849.)

MR SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR. By R. Scott Surtees. (Anon.)

Originally published in monthly parts. The design for the part cover was also drawn by Leech, and is not reproduced in the body of the work.

Works Illustrated by John Leech.

Works Illustrated by John Leech.

THE EARLY NUMBERS OF "THE FIELD."
(Established January 1, 1853.)

1854 PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, from the collection of Mr Punch. 5 vols. oblong folio, 1854, 1857, 1863, 1864, 1869.

HANDLEY CROSS; OR, MR JORROCK'S HUNT.
By R. Scott Surtees. (Anon.)

Originally published in monthly parts. The design for the part cover was also drawn by Leech, and is not reproduced in the body of the work.

THE GREAT HIGHWAY: A STORY OF THE WORLD'S STRUGGLES. By S. W. Fullom. 3 vols.

REMINISCENCES OF A HUNTSMAN. By Grantley F. Berkeley.

1856 THE MAN OF THE WORLD; OR, VANITIES OF THE DAY. By S. W. Fullom. 3 vols.

THE PARAGREENS ON A VISIT TO THE PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION (by S. Ruffini). Edinburgh, 1856.

- 1857 THE MILITIAMAN AT HOME AND ABROAD. By Emeritus (Mr Prower).

A MONTH IN THE FORESTS OF FRANCE. By Grantley F. Berkeley.

MERRY PICTURES BY THE COMIC HANDS, Leech, Phiz, Crowquill, Doyle, Hine, Meadows, and others. 43 sheets, oblong 4to. (N.D.)

- 1858 ASK MAMMA; OR, THE RICHEST COMMONER IN ENGLAND. By R. Scott Surtees. (Anon.)

Originally published in monthly parts. The design for the part cover was also drawn by Leech, and is not reproduced in the body of the work.

BLAINE'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RURAL SPORTS. 3 vols.

THE ENGLISH HOTEL NUISANCE. By Albert Smith.

PEN AND PENCIL. By Mrs Balmanno. (Appleton & Co., New York.)

Published for Subscribers. Contains one illustration by John Leech.

- 1859 THE FLYERS OF THE HUNT. By John Mills.

Some copies have the illustrations coloured.

ONCE A WEEK. First five volumes, 1859-64.

Works Illustrated by John Leech.

Works Illustrated by John Leech.

NEWTON DOGVANE: A TALE OF ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE. By Francis Francis. 3 vols.

Reprinted with the illustrations coloured, in 1888.

A LITTLE TOUR IN IRELAND. By an Oxonian (Rev. S. Reynolds Hole).

1860 MR BRIGGS AND HIS DOINGS—FISHING. Folio, coloured. (N.D.)

PLAIN OR RINGLETS. By R. Scott Surtees (Anon.)

Originally published in monthly parts. The design for the part cover was also drawn by John Leech, and is reproduced as a coloured title-page engraved on steel, in addition to the ordinary printed title-page.

1861 THE LIFE OF A FOXHOUND. By John Mills. 2nd edition.

PUCK ON PEGASUS. By E. Cholmondeley Pennell.

- 1862 SKETCHES IN OIL. By John Leech. Exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, London, in 1862.

The catalogue of this collection contains many reproductions of John Leech's drawings, For further particulars see F. G. Kitton's "Memoir of John Leech," p. 46.

- 1863 EARLY AND LATER PENCILLINGS FROM "PUNCH," 1843-61. With Notes by Mark Lemon. 4to.

THE GARDENER'S ANNUAL FOR 1863. Edited by the Rev. S. Reynolds Hole, coloured frontispiece by John Leech.

- 1864 FOLLIES OF THE YEAR. Coloured plates reprinted from *Punch's* Pocket Books, 1844 to 1864, with notes by Shirley Brooks. Oblong 4to. (N.D.)

EARLY PENCILLINGS FROM "PUNCH," CHIEFLY POLITICAL. Reprinted from *Punch*, 4to. (N.D.)

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS. 1 vol. 4to. Containing Woodcut Illustrations by John Leech.

Works Illustrated by John Leech.

Works Illustrated by John Leech.

- 1865 MR FACEY ROMFORD'S HOUNDS. By R. Scott Surtees. (Anon.)

Leech died while this work was being published in monthly parts. The later illustrations were executed by Hablot K. Browne (Phiz). The design for the part cover was drawn by Leech, and is not reprinted in the body of the work.

JOHN LEECH. 170 DESIGNS AND ETCHINGS.
2 vols. folio. Bentley.

- 1868 THE CAROLS OF COCKAYNE. Illustrated by H. S. Concanen and John Leech.

LATER PENCILLINGS FROM "PUNCH," with explanatory notes by Mark Lemon (Hotten).
4to. (N.D.)

- 1875 LITTLE WALKS IN LONDON. By Yveling Ram Baud. Text in French and English. 4to.
Drawings by John Leech.

1890 CHARLES DICKENS BY PEN AND PENCIL. By F. G. Kitton. 2 vols. large 4to.

At p. 105 of Vol. I. there is a portrait of Charles Dickens as Captain Bobadil, reproduced from a sketch by John Leech.

MEMOIR OF JOHN LEECH, with illustrations. *Cornhill Magazine*, December 1864.

LEECH'S ETCHINGS. Characteristic Sketches of his Illustrations. By Dr John Brown. *North British Review*, March 1865.

Reprinted in book form for private circulation. Also reprinted in Dr Brown's *Horæ Subsecivæ*, with additions by the Rev. S. Reynolds Hole, 1882.

JOHN LEECH, ARTIST AND HUMOURIST. By F. G. Kitton, 1883.

JOHN LEECH. *Scribner's Magazine*, 1878.

JOHN LEECH. By Henry Thornbee. (Reprinted from the *Manchester Quarterly*, 1890.)

Works Illustrated by John Leech.





